

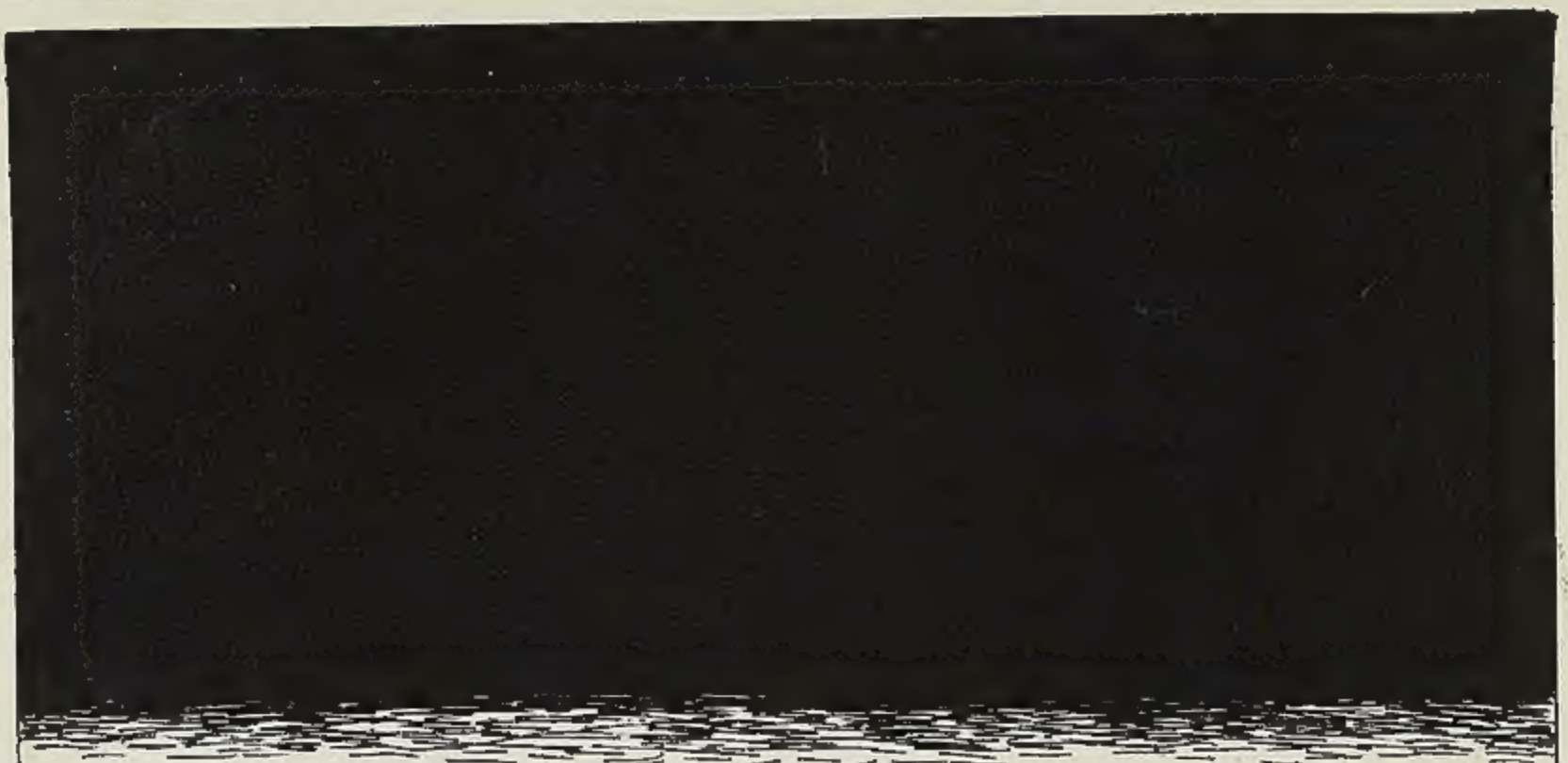
it

INSIDE!
SPECIAL 8 PAGE RUBBISH SUPP.



INSIDE:
FRITZ THE CAT
—Crumb's first movie.
MCLUHAN OR WOLFE
—who's the trippiest rapper?
EDUCATION
—LEA bungles exposed.
plus usual lovable stuff

ROY CARRUTHERS



MICE WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED TO THE AARDVARKS

EDWARD ©72

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This issue compiled by Joy,
Edward, Mick, Ges, Garoline,
Brenda, Jane, Mac, Paul, Penny,
Kevin, Jonathon, Cardino, Michael
J, William, Patrick, Karl, Rooney
& his wooden pals, Su, JH
Szostek, UPS, Mole Express,
National Lampoon and many
other friends.





IT

Dear IT:

I thought the tubular layout of IT/127 was really far-out, having to lay on the floor with my head inside it with a torch an' all was really weird.

Some straight said it was like that cos you'd forgotten to guillotine the pages! Fucking straight creeps who don't understand nothin.

Power to the Peezun,
Squash
9 Cumberland Road,
Reading

Dear Krunch Writer,

First let me say how good it is to see a regular comics column in a magazine with a decent circulation. Secondly let me start knocking you!

In your first column you pay tribute to the 'few fanzines published here,' well why don't you give credit to one of those, Comic Catalog, for providing you with your first lot of news? The bit about Clive Arrowsmith was a dead giveaway because that was exclusive to Comic Catalog and I was the one to get it!! The rest of the news was exactly that which appeared in CC3. Your news seems to be very late in your second column, fandom knew all this about Kirby and Barry Smith and Green Lantern at the beginning of the year. I have the first copy of Hero for Hire already, so it's hardly stop press! You wanted artist and writer details—Archie Goodwin writes, George Tuska pencils and Billy Graham inks. Backtracking to the first column again, I don't see how you didn't have news of art ist on the Tarzan and Korak mags, Joe Kubert was announced as soon as it was announced that DC had Tarzan.

I would have thought that coming out as regularly as IT does you would have really up-to-date stuff. Try getting hold of some American news-zines, they come out about once a month. As Comic Catalog comes out about every six weeks you'll have to fill in for three weeks with features if you use that! A couple of small points: It's "Gullivar Jones, Warrior of Mars" not "Gilliver Jones"! It's "Nick Fury—Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D."

not "Nick Fury—Agent of Shields"!

I'm sorry to go on so much but I feel that you have the potential here to do something good for comics and their fans and I don't want to see it loused up before it gets off the ground and besides, comic fans are so fussy!! Keep up the good work and I'll keep knocking you!

Cheers,
Richard Burton
22 Woodhaw, Egham,
Surrey TW20 9AP

Thanks for your letter, glad you're taking an interest. Yes, you're absolutely right, most of the news was ripped off from Comics Catalog for the first two issues. Perhaps I should explain. Until we make our own contacts, in starting a project such as "Krunch" we are totally reliant initially upon all s ources of information that are at hand. It just so happens that right next door to our offices is situated one of the handful of specialist shops in Britain which stock comics and various fringe publications such as fanzines...such as Comics Catalog! Surely, as you may recall, the essence of the idea behind "Krunch" was to get information across to a large audience, something your excellent publication or any other such, cannot do at the moment. Fair's fair, we'll credit you in future and perhaps in return for IT you'll send us your next issue. It makes life a lot easier! Oh yes, and you'll be in Caroline's bad books, remember she has the whole paper to type out, I'm sure you know what that's like from your own experiences. Gullivar Jones, it is! /Bo.

Dear IT:

That interview with Mark Lane about Assassination in the US was good and it's worth being reminded just how vicious the authorities are behind all their claptrap.

But it's a pity it had to perpetuate the myth that JFK was anything but a twisting conniving millionaire politician—and

America produces no other kind

He was in a position to end the war in Vietnam not because he was a peaceloving man, far from it, but because he was the very man who began the process of military escalation that his sidekick Johnson continued.

On top of that: his contribution to altering the position of the poor and the black was all mouth. And loose mouth at that. RFK was no different. He saw which way the wind was blowing in the votes, he tailored his "ideals" in just the same way as he retouched his campaign photographs to make himself look more dynamic. All shit.

Strange that the piece about Manson should be in the same issue. He played the same game but on a lower scale. So he never became a real hero. He had "charisma", he had all the peace-rhetoric at the beginning. And people died.

As someone said when JFK got himself shot by other members of his own political Mafia: "It's hard to shed a tear over the death of a man who was willing to send thousands to their deaths."

Harry Harmer
1 Acorn Street
Leicester

Dear IT

I may be a debauched lecher of male and female flesh but your last issue absolutely disgusted me.

Haven't you been getting any lately Mick?
Suzette

This is a constant problem, (as is getting any) of what exactly is the nature of an illustration that really exploits women. The old 1958 fetish cartoons in the last issue appeal to me in much the same way as Flash Gordon comics, Rockola jukeboxes, and the '56 Chevy. That is primarily why they were included. To my mind the fantasy they support is so absurd that it seems hardly to perpetuate concepts of female oppression, but rather draw attention to it. —Or maybe I'm a dirty male chauvinist pervert, etc., it's hard to tell at 2 am on a Thursday night. Come and advise us. /Mick.

NEWS



DRUG ABUSE

At a Council of Europe meeting on Drug Abuse, the General Secretary, Mr Toncio-Sorini, warned that in a few years' time, not only would it be possible to influence the human memory, intelligence and psychological make-up, but new drugs active in the air or water might be used to control the reactions of a crowd, for example, in unscrupulous hands they could become an instrument of collective domination and manipulation.

GLASGAE NEWS

The Reo Stakis Organisation, chain restaurant owners and purveyors of expensive food and booze to the middle class in West Scotland, have lost their contract to supply Glasgow schools with meat. The deal, worth £200,000 pa, went up in smoke when the Chief Sanitary Inspector reported rat infestation in the company's meat factory. So the schoolchildren are safe—but what about the lucky people who dine out? It seems that Scotland may yet find a way to rid itself of the bourgeoisie!

Glasgow's magistrates, who banned "The Devils" as "depraved" and "disgusting", kept their lips surprisingly buttoned when "Straw Dogs" opened there on 15 April. The reason is that the Catholic Lobby do not object to violence in itself, only to violence and nuns.

LEEDS NEWS—THE CERTIFIED TRUTH

Leeds Liberals, still hoping to make the local elections, hope to set up a programme to restore public confidence in the police. Recent incidents, they say, have eroded this. No details of what the Liberals actually intend to do have been forthcoming.

There remains one cop at least that the public can be confident in. This guy perjured himself in Court to save a few heads from a heavy gine. They had been busted for stealing a few lightbulbs, including dud ones, but had previous convictions. Realising the ridiculous nature of the charge, the friendly pig told the Court that this was a first offence. Fine given of £10.

When Steve Ward went down to Pig HQ, Millgarth, Leeds to collect a wallet they had found, he waited half an hour without seeing anyone. Jokingly he yelled, "Are there any of you left?" From nowhere appeared a burly desksarge, brandishing a fist, saying "Just watch it!"

Of course, there is no reason whatsoever for the people of Leeds to have less than full confidence in their constabulary.

WOMEN'S LIB GOSSIP

Was this really overheard at the Women's Liberation Conference in Manchester?

Annoyed Trotskyist (male) outside the conference hall: "Why can't I go in?"

Woman: "Because you're a man."

Trotskyist: "But I identify with women—I think of myself as a woman."

Woman: "Then why've you got a bloody great beard?"

Trot: "I'm very butch."

NIGHT ASSEMBLIES BILL

Major changes have been made in the Night Assemblies Bill—aimed at controlling rock festivals.

For a start, only assemblies of 5000 or more will be governed by the bill, as opposed to the original 1000. On top of that, assemblies which last no more than 24 hours will be exempt.

Under the bill, Festival promoters would normally have to give four months' notice to the appropriate local authority. Now the authority can approve a festival without notice, if it wishes.

In yet another change, the government can issue exemption certificates to non-profit making organisations which can show that they have conducted night assemblies in the past "in a proper and considerate manner."

UFOs IN LONDON

The British UFO Reserach Association are investigating reports of regular UFOs over Waltham Forest.

VOTE GOAT

It has been discovered that small children and dead people are among registered voters in Wandsworth.

GAY BUST

Five gay brothers and sisters from Manchester have been busted outside a club called Samanthas, where they were demonstrating against the club's sexist policy of not allowing women members to sign in women guests. They come up in Court on June 21st.

BLOW UP!

Workers on the Guardian, Manchester Evening News and Daily Mail will be delighted to learn they will get a £10,000 bloody handshake if maimed by a "bomb or explosive device" placed near their North-print building in Manchester.



The Cookstown Urban District Council in Northern Ireland has decided to buy a rope ladder to facilitate the escape of members should there be a bomb scare, during council meetings. The council's security man had pointed out that there was a drop of 40 feet from the council chamber's emergency exit to the ground.

Meanwhile, does anyone have details about a parcel at Liverpool's Lime Street Station, reported by a BBC radio news programme to have blown up and by the morning

papers to have been an alarm clock which the Army had blown up. We know the Station was cleared after a warning that a bomb had been planted. But what we don't know is why the Army blew up an alarm clock with a charge that could be heard over large parts of the city.

ARMY SPY

Army spy Captain Bob Mount of the 22nd Light Air Defence Regiment is often seen walking round Belfast with a Granada TV press pass, posing as a TV camera-man.

DON'T SWEAT, SAY COUNCIL TO TENANT

Mrs Kathleen Creamer of Abbots Langley, Herts, has a problem. Damp in the bedroom of her five year old council house has ruined the furniture and carpets. The walls stream with water that strips off the wallpaper.

When Mrs Creamer called in the man from the council, he told her, "You should not engage in any excessive physical activity which could lead you to perspire. That will cause condensation."

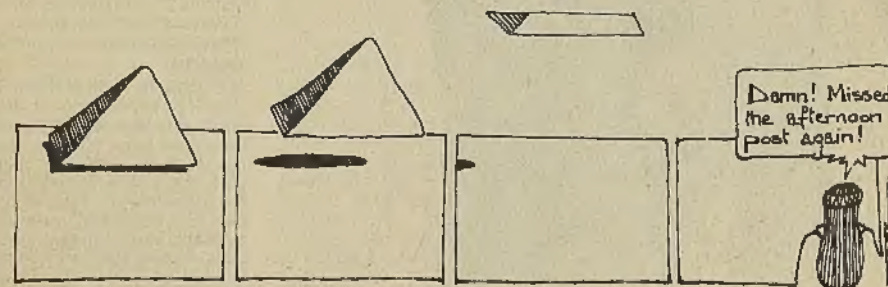
HANG UP

Local MPs in Jersey have rejected for the third time in 15 years that the death penalty for murder should be abolished. The only drawback is that executions have to be carried out in the UK where any such sentence is automatically commuted to life imprisonment.

LIVING THEATRE IN COURT

The London cell of the Living Theatre appeared in court in Tottenham recently, charged with obstruction and insulting behaviour.

Having been refused legal aid and





having no funds for a solicitor, they defended themselves. Their limited knowledge of British law resulted in repeated interruptions by an unsympathetic magistrate, claiming questions to pig witnesses were not relevant to the case.

The charges arose from a street theatre sketch that the group performed in Tottenham High Street. It involved the use of a few props—namely a toy gun, two sticks and a union jack. The use of these with the chanting and gesticulations of the group was deemed by the pigs to constitute insulting behaviour. The police presented evidence that the theatre considered "total fantasy", they countered police evidence on insulting behaviour with reading the script they read on the day to the magistrate—and successfully disproved the allegations of insulting behaviour. They were found guilty on charges of obstruction of the highway.

SEX AT 14

The Quakers have called for the age of consent to be lowered to fourteen, including that for homosexuality

A man demanding to see the Pope hijacked a Swiss jetliner from Geneva to Rome last week

"Hemo Carribean" are exporting 10,000 pints of Haitian blood to America every month

Terence Hiscock has been jailed for five years for smuggling cannabis. Terence was a member of the Prime Minister's Admiral Cup Yachting Team last year

More than 100,000 tons of US grain, intended to be used for emergency assistance for East Pakistan, has disappeared

SCANDAL

"Mole Express" report that Gloria Stewart, the ex-teacher who exposed the horror and violence at London's Elliott Comprehensive School in the Daily Mail, is well known as a crusader after truth and accuracy.

Mancunians remember that when she researched meat prices for a Granada TV programme, hundreds of butchers and meat traders wondered if they were charging

TRAVEL

"Overland to India & Beyond" is a new BIT publication with detailed info (on visas, health, student cards, dope laws, border hassles, the black market, food, shelter, hitching, transport, prices, etc), for every inch of the route from Istanbul to Indonesia. Plus Bit's complete European Address network. 50p (minimum donation). All money to Bit Free Information Service, 141 Westbourne Park Road, London W11

the wrong prices.

After which, she went to the "People" and wrote a story about an "interview" she had with Chairman Mao. Sad to say, some people were spiteful enough to suggest that she never met Mao and had written her piece in a London cafe.

POLICE NEWS

A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Detective Sergeant John Symonds of Thornton Heath, Surrey after he failed to turn up for trial at the Central Criminal Court on charges of corruption.

PC John Dains of Hull City Police has been found guilty of committing 34 offences of theft, burglary, arson and damage to property involving losses totalling over £14,000, while on duty as a panda patrol man.

Policemen who want to study for degrees are to get official cash grants from September.

When police at the Chelmsford nick sat in their new chairs, they got electric shocks. Investigations suggested that the cause was static electricity build up on the plastic and metal chairs.

WHO DO YOUR LUNGS BELONG TO?

The National Coal Board has the right to the lungs of a dead miner without asking the permission of the next of kin. Miners' families are not allowed access to the dead person's lungs and therefore have no opportunity to find out from an impartial source if they are entitled to compensation.

BREEDING WILL ALWAYS TELL

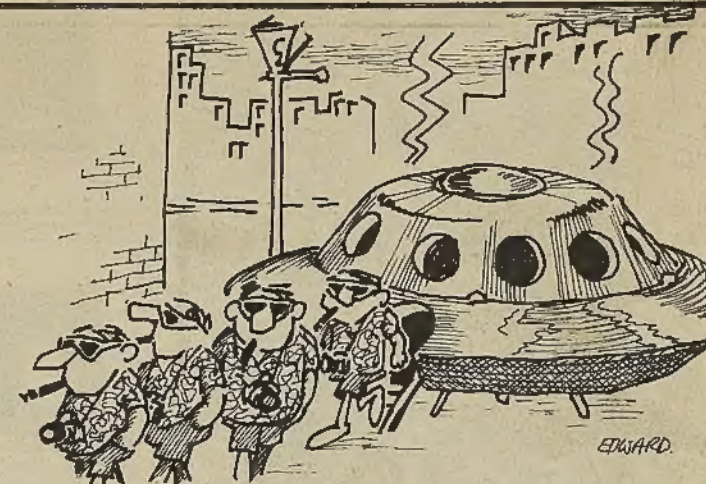
According to a recent article in the "Us Army Military Review" it may shortly be possible to develop a racially selective chemical weapon which would kill only members of the chosen victim-race, leaving allies or neutrals in the same area almost unaffected.

Dr. Carl Larson, a Swedish geneticist, says the new weapons will be enzyme based and will exploit the genetic differences between the races.

SEDUCING SOLDIERS

Michael Tobin has been sentenced to two years in jail after pleading not guilty to attempting to "seduce soldiers from their duty" or inciting soldiers in N. Ireland to desert.

Copies of a letter to "The Working



Men of the Greenjackets" were found in his house. The letter asked them to join the army of the Provisional government of all Ireland to fight the corruption of the Fascist State

NEW BROOM AT YARD

As well as re-integrating the CID with the uniformed branches, new Metropolitan Police Commissioner Robert Mark has transferred responsibility for obscene publications investigations from the detectives to the uniformed men, because he doesn't consider them important enough for CID men to waste their time with.

ARMY DESERTER SEEKS SWEDISH ASYLUM

Kevin Cadwallar is a deserter from the British Army who is now seeking political asylum in Sweden.

On arrival there, Kevin made the following statement, "I, Kevin Cadwallar, came to Sweden for asylum because of Northern Ireland. As I see it there must be a simpler way of ending the fight without more people being killed. So I have left rather than fight in something I think is wrong."

In Swedish law, "A political refugee is a foreigner who in his home country runs the risk of persecution on political grounds."

The Revolutionary American People's Party, a group formed mainly of US war deserters in Sweden, is fighting Kevin's case for asylum.

They say, "The army from which he deserted is engaged in an undeclared war in Northern Ireland. It

must be clear to everyone that to go against the policies of one's own government, and in protest, to desert to a neutral country, is a political act."

RAPP needs funds urgently to fight this case. Send to RAPP, PO Box 64, 13201 Saltsjo, Boo, Sweden.

GOODBYE

Thanks to UPS, Mole Express, Muther Grumble, Peace News, Drugs & Society, Mac, Terri, Cardino, Alex and all the others who've helped me on this news section over the past 2 years. Love Paul Lewis.

ANOTHER BOURNEMOUTH BUST

Mac of Bournemouth has written to us about a bust at the Cave Bar in which 12 people were busted for possession, although the dope was all on the floor. One guy was held for five days while the police "carried out investigations into burglary" despite the fact that his passport showed he was in Amsterdam at the time suspected. In the end he was released on bail charged with obstruction (he wanted to finish his drink). Two more people were charged with obstruction as a result of the raid, and one with possessing an offensive weapon.

Mac last wrote to us about a raid on 4a Hengist Road (IT/120) in which the police wrecked the place, as well as autographing an IT poster.

As a result of the publicity, one of the Drug Squad officers got put back in uniform and Mac was planted and busted for dope.



INDIAN WAR

Perhaps the saddest news of the week is that the Hopi Indians may be forced into an Indian war.

Severe drought has parched the Navajo Indians' already overgrazed lands and they have been moving in on the Hopis.

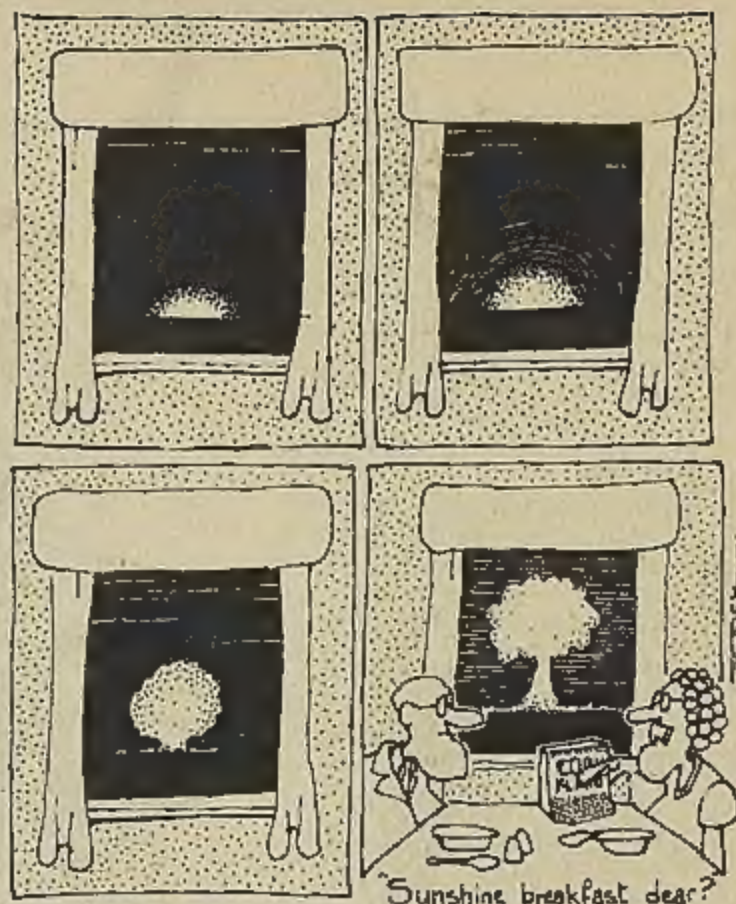
Now the Hopi Indians are a peaceful people so they have simply rounded up more than 1,000 Navajo horses, cattle, sheep and goats and sold 700 of them back to the irate Indians at £10 a head. In retaliation 6 Hopi corrals have been burned or axed to pieces, two houses have been gutted by fire and 15 more burgled.

Even worse perhaps is the fact that a pair of Hopi water tanks have been drained.

The Hopi are the people of peace. Their religion, which they take very seriously, forbids them to harm, kill or molest anyone. They believe that if they ever fight a war they will no longer be saved when the prophesied great disaster hits our planet.

Another prophecy tells of a time when the Hopis will be forced to develop their lives and lands under a new ruler. They were not to resist, but await the coming and their lost white brother Pahana.

However the Navajo outnumber the Hopi 10-1 and for more than a hundred years the Hopi have been pushed around by their more aggressive neighbours. Now some of the Hopi are threatening war against the Navajo.



IRA Throw Daily Mirror Out Of Derry

Looking for Daily Mirror reporters in Londonderry is like searching for bowler-hatted Orangemen in the Bogside. They just ain't there.

But the Mirror's tactical withdrawal from this particular Ulster battlefield highlights the first direct IRA moves against the British press since they blew up the Mirror's Belfast printing plant last year.

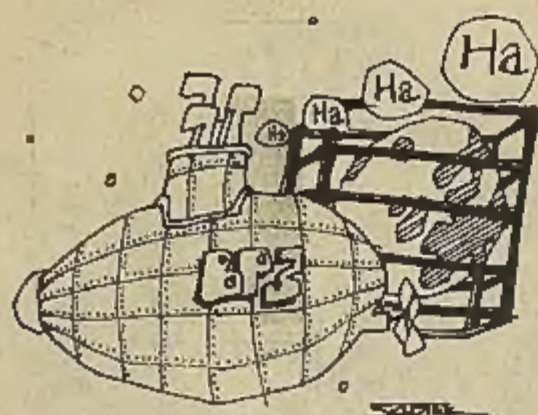
It began two weeks after Bloody Sunday as journalists arrived to cover a civil rights march. Mirror Belfast staffer, Joe Gorrod, looking fit after a week-long holiday in Norway (paid for by the British Army) was suddenly pulled out of the crowd by six young men. He was bundled into a white 1800 and driven off.

Minutes later, other reporters saw Gorrod being driven in a white Ford Escort with a Thompson sub-machine gun on the back seat. Gorrod was told that the Mirror was "not welcome any more" in London derry.

Neither was the Daily Mail, another paper which stolidly backs the British Army.

Gorrod tried to get out of the car—and was told he would be shot if he did. He was eventually dropped, and, within days, the Mirror pulled out of Londonderry completely. As a result of Gorrod's trip, the Mirror's NUJ chapel is demanding £5 a day danger money for Ulster staffmen and £4 a day for reporters flying in from Manchester.

UPS/Mole Express.



COMMUNITY NEWS

FREE

Free clothes are being given away to people who need them in front of Forbidden Fruit, Portobello Road, on Saturdays. We are taking over a shop at 293 Portobello Road, which is exploding into other things, eg free food, free tea, appliances, furniture, household goods, records, etc. etc. Please donate whatever you can and please come and take whatever you need. We're taking cash donations, raising funds for various charities but our major project is the development of a community centre for the people of Notting Hill, supplying free services, free clothes, etc. etc. The response to the stall over the past month has been overwhelming and indicates the great need and necessity for this community centre right away. This sounds like a really nice idea. Give them your support.

NEW ALTERNATIVE PAPER

"Advise", the immigrant advice centre, are hoping to launch a monthly magazine, "The Advise Manual" representing alternative living-styles, alternative employment, legal self-defence, urban agriculture and so on.

Lee Torrey of the editorial board tells us "Our readership might include friendly freaks who are looking about for other things, but basically we aim at the working peoples, immigrants, students, and oppressed minority groups."

The staff are volunteers and the mag is to be nonprofit making. "In terms of the community" says Lee, "we will run regular articles on every organisation in London, detailing its history, function, plans and projects. Secondly, we will provide a medium for those groups in town that do not have frequent, public news sheets; that is, we publish free any collective statement or comment or review that groups serving the community might want to make."

The Advise Manual's address is 313 Upper Street, London W1.

WHITE PANTHER PARTY UK FREE ROCK FESTIVAL

Four members of the WPP met Dennis White, entertainment manager of Greenwich Council, on 20 May. It was to discuss the possibility of a rock/community festival this summer in one of the council's parks. The entertainment manager approved of the idea and it now depends on the decision of a council committee meeting—to be held in private.

LITERATURE AVAILABLE

West London Chapter of the WPP have copies of their mag, White Trash, for sale at 10p + p&p, and a limited supply of petitions against the Night Assemblies Bill. Write to West London Chapter, WPP, Box WPX, IT, 11a Berwick Street, London W1A 4PF

BICKERSHAW FESTIVAL

Members of all the London chapters of the Party and many Panthers from other chapters will be attending the Bickershaw Festival. After a meeting of all the London chapters on 23 April it was decided that the Panthers' tactics will depend on the needs of the people at the time. A free food kitchen will be operated by the Panthers throughout the Festival.

SPOT THE PANTHER

Members of the Party seem to be appearing everywhere—a brother seen wearing a Panther badge on Top of the Form, on BBC TV last week!

WHO KILLED STEPHEN Mc CARTHY?

A booklet has been produced about the circumstances surrounding the death of Islington boy Stephen McCarthy. Called "Who Killed Stephen McCarthy?" the booklet gives a detailed account of the way Stephen was attacked by policemen and subsequently denied proper medical treatment. A frightening document that costs 10p from the McCarthy Committee, 50 Courtney Court, Drayton Park, Holloway, London N7. The money will help cover the cost of taking action in the courts against the police.

GALACTALITES





sweet bird of REVOLUTION

IS THERE A PROBLEM OF CREEPING PURITANISM IN THE LIBERATION MOVEMENT?

THE REVOLUTION began as a dove, with a CND sign on its breast. It became a peacock, fanning out a psychedelic rainbow of bells, beads, and Beatles. But for many it eventually became a hawk, whose outlook was that of stormy Weathermen, the Angry Brigade, or even the IRA. A question now being asked is whether the revolution will be reborn, and what such a phoenix should be like.

I think most people would agree that we're not talking about a full-dress violent revolution such as the French Revolution of 1789, or the Russian Revolution of 1917. I doubt whether many freaks put high priority on guillotining the House of Lords, shooting the Royal Family, or bombing the Stock Exchange. Nor are we talking about the replacement of one ruling elite by another, as in most of the interminable coups of South American history. John Lennon for Prime Minister is a slogan rarely heard.

Are we then talking about something like the Industrial Revolution? Well not quite, but that's getting warmer. Certainly fundamental economic changes are crucial to the forming of what might be meant by "the Alternative Society." But the underground is a response to these economic changes rather than an initiator of them. The economic changes I have in mind are as follows:

- (1) The fact is that the production of the necessities of life is no longer a problem in the West (though their fair distribution of it often is).
 - (2) This has meant that labour has been given over to the production of inessentials, namely new kinds of consumer goods and services.
 - (3) Markets for these goods and services must be created artificially since demand for them doesn't arise spontaneously and naturally out of human needs; hence advertising. The demand for these goods and services must be continuous or else production would cease, unemployment result, and profits vanish; hence their built-in obsolescence through shoddiness or the dictates of fashion. The worker/consumer must be chained to the system for it to continue; hence credit selling.
- Advertisements for consumer capitalism dominate the streets from every boarding. Its values dominate the telescreen every quarter of an hour, and are re-affirmed in party political manifestoes every five years. Schools inculcate the appropriate Work Ethic from the child's earliest years. Such is totalitarianism.

The response made by many of the New Left and the underground to this "Post-industrial Revolution" has been to protest that, instead of reaping the fruits of the conquest of

scarcity, people are still enslaved by boring or aggressively competitive jobs in which they have little or no real interest. They do this because they are tied in a knot in which, as R.D. Laing has put it, they think that:

"The more one has
the better one is
because the more one has been rewarded
for being good.
Therefore I get better and better
through making more and more."

The alternative has not been widely considered. At the moment, many people work for forty hours a week while others are involuntarily unemployed. But the more or less equal distribution of such work as there needs to be, rather than the artificial creation of superfluous productivity, would solve the problem of unemployment and lessen the burdensome role that work plays in the lives of most people.

Such a change could contribute to a liberation of the human personality. The possible change is more profound than that of allowing people to do their own thing. A social and economic system tends to produce, and is sustained by, an appropriate kind of typical personality. Let me cite a highly relevant example.

The sort of man who would propel the rise of capitalism in the 17th century would be one who would save wealth so that it could be invested in commercial enterprise. The appropriate personality type would, in the view of Freudian psychologists, result from his having been strictly toilet trained early in infancy. Just as he was taught to *retain* his shit, so he would later *retain* his money. (Unconsciously shit equals money, which is why we refer to "filthy lucre" and say "where there's muck there's brass." We also speak of a man "making his pile" and of his being "the goose that lays the golden egg.") Similar *restraint* and *holding back* would enter into sex, which was to be *saved up* for marriage. Virtue was *accumulated* by good deeds and the profit reaped in Heaven. Protestantism, which went hand-in-glove with the rise of bourgeois capitalism, emphasised the *individual* and his own *conscience*. Puritanism was the extreme example of this. As the middle class became the economically dominant class its values became the official values of society. Historians and sociologists have come to call these traditional values "the Protestant Ethic", but the term should not be understood in a narrowly religious sense. Proof that it is far from dead in our secular age is indicated by the following remark made by Judge Argyle at the Oz trial:

"A good character is like a deposit account in a bank. As you go through this weary vale of tears, exposed as we are to all

continued on page 42



DON'T START ME TALKIN'

Karl Dallas indicts the ILEA for avoiding the problem of alienation in today's schools.

Aside from the fact that an educational system designed to turn out placid little semi-literate human accessories to factory machines in 1870 is hardly likely to fit comfortably in to a context in which industrialism is dying in its own shit in the 1970s, the two things that are wrong with schools nowadays, most parents, kids and teachers would surely agree, are the overcrowding in the classrooms and the fact that school takes kids out of the community at nine every morning five days a week and then expels them at four, guaranteed untouched by human hands, reprocessed in such a manner as to make them unfit for the real life that goes on in the real world outside the school walls.

So faced with a scene where a falling birthrate is cutting school entries down year by year, the thing would be to seize the opportunity to cut the size of classes and to use any surplus school accommodation for some sort of community purpose, right?

Perhaps a club for old people or a day nursery.

The exact function would have to be determined by the needs of a particular community (and I've got to admit that the two examples I've mentioned are somewhat corny) but the main thing would be to bring the real world into the classroom, so there wasn't the twice-daily culture shock of leaving and re-entering once level of reality and transferring to an

unrelated world of grammatical rules and blackboards and visual media turned into instructional aids rather than means of two-way communication.

Right now we have this situation in Islington and, for all I know, the rest of London too. And it's not only the birthrate, it's emigration (an interesting switch, when we hear so much racist talk of immigration). For instance, the number of 14-year-olds in Islington now is exactly 31% of the number of births in the borough 14 years ago. The odd 69% have been moved out into the smart new carefully planned new towns by the GLC, to be replaced by your middle-class trendy childless or one-child couples, many of whom send their kids to private schools anyway.

Right now, in Islington and the eastern part of Camden, there are about 300 secondary school places going vacant and the Inner London Education Authority reckons that by 1980 there'll be exactly three county secondary schools more than we need.

So what are they planning to do? Close three secondary schools by 1980, naturally. Naturally.

And since the government rules that there is no money for school building unless old schools are sold to private developers, in their place will presumably rise nice new shiny blocks of offices which will contribute nothing to the local communities,

but will enrich their owners even if they remain unoccupied.

The scene is the school hall at Holloway School, just up the road from the ladies' nick, a half modern half-prewar comprehensive school. I am there because I have a boy, 12 years old, in the second form and a few months ago I heard they were looking for a parent to put on the board of governors so I volunteered. He'd spent most of his first year feeling bored and rather like the Watts' kids who played truant because school was interfering with their education: realising that the exciting new world of comprehensive education was something of a let-down.

When this meeting was planned originally, it was going to be strictly between us professionals, the head teachers and the full time civil servants of the ILEA and the borough planning officers. But some bad local press went down because no one was consulting the parents and Ashley Bramall, the Labour Leader on the ILEA, wrote next week to say Not so, parent governors were being invited, and so there I am, my feet turning to ice inside my slate-grey rubbered-off casuals, trying to keep from falling off a tiddly little chair designed, apparently, to keep the kids awake during morning assembly by dint of the sheer pain of a piece of tubular steel forcing itself across the small of my back. Some kid had scrawled the magic names of Aretha Franklin and the Four Tops and Otis Redding maybe three or four years ago across the back of the chair in front of me (squattening on it is the chairman of Camden Planning Committee) and that gives me some comfort.

Then the lights go down and I have to make notes by the light reflected from a slide show of what might happen to the schools in the next decade. It's bricks and mortar they are, talking about, of course, not pupil power or free schools or A.S.Neill or anything living, but as the facts begin to penetrate and they talk about amalgamating these two schools here, shifting the pupils like so many redundant workers to that

school there, selling that school to private developers and using the money to build a new school in this place, I begin to appreciate that there is a basic dichotomy here. What I would call an opportunity that guy on the platform regards as a problem.

His name is Eric Briault, he's an MA and a PhD and he sits there in his smooth grey suit manipulating his light show, with cute gelatine overlays to show what he's planning, not quite Joe's Lights even though the technological basis of the show is identical, and his quiet voice radiates confidence in what he's about.

There have been suggestions, he says, that there could be smaller classes but that would be totally unrealistic, he says, smoothly in his grey worsted suit with the narrow lapels, and it wouldn't solve the problem.

The problem. There, he said it.

What he doesn't say, though, is that the real reason it's so totally unrealistic is because the Government has laid down that classes in secondary schools mustn't get smaller than 30 per class. The ILEA is Labour-controlled, of course, and the government is Tory, but all these professionals have their own kind of bipartisan thing which is different again from the in-and-out Tweedledee and -dum musical chairs that the politicians indulge in, it's called Playing By The Rules. There was a Labour borough council in London back in the '20s that didn't Play By the Rules and the Tory Government of that day took them to Court. Naturally the Court said Play By The Rules but they refused, not so naturally, so they were busted for contempt and the councillors marched to prison under a banner saying "Guilty And Proud Of It."

But, thank of it, Dr Eric Briault in his grey worsted suit, guilty and proud of it, and each of the secondary school classes in the area cut by five. Suddenly we don't have 11 classes more than we need—that's 330 vacant seats at 30 seats a class. In fact, we won't be able to cut classes by five all at once, because that'd have 375 kids looking for places, let's say classes of 28 would be a reasonable first step. That'll give us 30 empty seats spread across all the schools in the area, about one and a quarter empty seats per school, I make it. I think we could cope with this.

Totally unrealistic, says the man.

But wait, say the teachers. But look, say the borough planning officers. Hold on a minute, say the parent governors. And it's all listened to very carefully, very tolerantly, because this is, after all, really democratic, a great idea the ILEA had, to talk about this with us, the professionals, at the earliest possible stage, before even the schools sub-committee have discussed the plans—the possibilities, sorry—so that we can all think about what they're planning to do and let them know what we think in time for them to have it all in front of them at their sub-committee meeting. Then they'll issue a Green Paper telling us what they have decided ought to happen and then we can all talk about it again before binding decisions are taken.

The word they are using to describe the process is Pre-consultation.

.....

The old Lefties tried working to change the system from within, either by getting elected to it or by taking it over, and not only does this not work in the capitalist West it hasn't even worked in the Soviet East. The new Lefties tried to smash the system by confronting it from outside and it's about time we faced up to the fact that this hasn't worked either. They've got the guns and even though we may have the numbers we won't have enough of them if they keep killing our sisters and brothers at the rate we've seen during the red years of Weatherpeople and Pantherdom and Angry Br gades.

But there is another game as yet unplayed, a sort of political judo in which we give the impression that we're playing by the official rules and in fact often we are playing by the rules, using the built-in hypocrisies and frauds which are meant to deceive us about the real object of the game to change its actual objective, using the opponents' force to help us throw them to the ground.

continued on page 42

KRUNCH!



SOME MORE BAD NEWS THIS issue Jack Kirby's "New Gods" and "Forever People" in his Fourth World concept are to be discontinued from issue eleven though "Mister Miracle" is to continue. Reasons given are (1) the magazines were obviously too complex for the kiddies (comics in the States still sell mostly to the 10-14 age bracket) and (2) sales have fallen off after a good initial start, because of

this. Paradoxically, they seem to have taken to "Mister Miracle" perhaps because of the old traditional and reliable escape theme always inherent in the storyline, simply, he's an escape artist. Also, I'm reliably informed that the Fourth World aspect in this and where it touches over into other National mags is quickly being phased out. Kirby himself—though probably disappointed—is nevertheless not feeling despondent and plans to launch new titles in the summer (which means they're out about now in the States) for National, and these are "The Demon" (horror) and "Kommandy" (futuristic post-Third World War sci-fi)—so keep looking! Final say on Kirby: look in the racks amongst the American magazines (as opposed to comics) and you might be lucky enough to find a copy of Kirby's "Spirit World" distributed by Thorpe & Porter in last month's batch and well worth a read

OTHER NEWS FROM NATIONAL taking the form of one-liners... First "Green Lantern" strip by Neil Adams in "Flash" titled "Death of an Arrow" (could this mean ???) ... all titles from National down to 20 cents as from June July issues possibly indicates return of old 15 cent size, meaning old reprints likely to be dropped ... Further indication of this—"John Carter" up to now being featured in "Tarzan" is now to share with "Pellucidar" in new comic, "Edgar Rice Burroughs' Wierd Worlds" ... still on the subject of "Tarzan" the first National issue (yet to reach these shores) features a fine adaptation of "The Origin of The Ape Man" with really good artwork by Joe Kubert, also a John Carter of Mars tale adapted from the Burroughs novel "A Princess of Mars" with artwork by Murphy Anderson—plus a 3-page filler called

'Tarzan's First Christmas' with artwork by Hal Foster originally published as a newspaper strip 40 years ago!

MARVEL, CHARACTERISTICALLY, are having another one of their periodical shake-ups. First off, "Doctor Strange" is returning with —this should please you—our own Barry Smith in charge of the art. Smith's work on "Conan" in "Savage Tales" is being revived for "Conan 16" with several alterations, the extent of which are obviously determined by the Comics Code Authority. Other new strips (some in their mags) are "Werewolf By Night", "Defenders", "Warlock", "Doc Savage" (originally scheduled for March but now expected for July), "Man Thing", "Jekyll And Hyde" and "The Shadow" (another pulp hero from the thirties). I should point out that some of these are just tryouts pending readers' reactions, others support features in established titles. When I know which are which I'll pass it on to you of course. Also "Ant Man" and "Captain Marvel" are returning, the latter definitely in his own mag. Finally, before I forget, Rick Buckler, long time fan of Marvel and until now an enthusiastic amateur artist, is going professional when he takes over "The Avengers". Well done, Rick!

PYE INTERNATIONAL HAVE just released an album "The Marvel World of Icarus" and though I haven't heard it yet I'm nevertheless full of optimism since the people who have heard it are unanimous in their approval. Recorded by Icarus (a group apparently who are so good they don't need Marvel, they just happen to be Marvel freaks, too, nice lads) titles are Prologue, Spiderman, Fantastic Four, Hulk, Madame Masque, Conan, Iron Man, and on side two, Thor, Black Panther, The Man Without Fear, Silver Surfer, Thing's Thing (?) and Captain America.

FINALLY, I'm deeply indebted to Nick Landau for much news provided in this issue. Nick's just returned from the States where he met many people principally involved with Marvel and National. Also, he had a long rap with Barry Smith, more of which we hope to tell you about next ish. Also, some stuff on Nick's excellent publication "Comics Media." Keep looking! PS Also thanks to the anonymous contributor who left us a stack of stuff in the office last Wednesday, whoever he is!?!?

the FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

SHOOT OUT IN THE COUNTY SLAMMER PART II



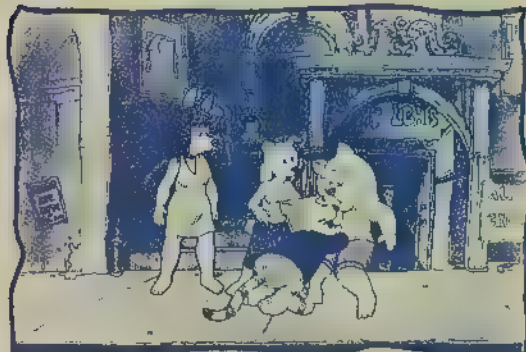
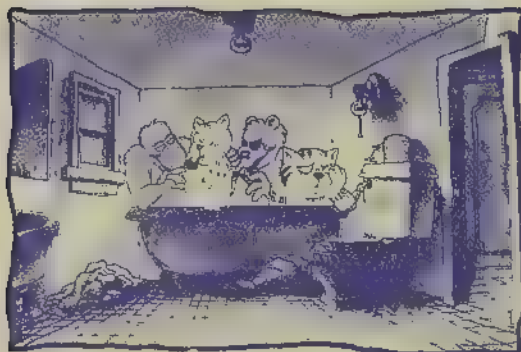


CONTINUED NEXT ISH



tinely since most newsstands and bookshops refused to display them. And, of course, dating from the time of the bust, copies of *Snatch* became genuine underground treasures.

It was about that time that Steve Krantz, a New York producer of some *Spiderman* cartoons and assorted educational films for Encyclopedia Britannica, decided to open up the animation field and make a lot of money by producing an adult cartoon. He had hired a young man named Ralph Bakshi away from the animation department of Paramount, and together they went after the film rights to *Annie Fanny*, the then popular strip running in *Playboy*. Unable to secure the rights they looked elsewhere. Bakshi picked up a copy of Robert Crumb's 1969 edition of *Fritz the Cat*, published by Bill Cole, and decided that was it. He had to have it. "For ten years," said Bakshi, "I'd been turning out kid's stuff for Paramount and CBS and then going home and doing my own weird stuff. Then I saw this stuff by Crumb. It was what I'd always wanted to do.



"Fritz is so goddam phony we had to hire an actor to do his dialogue," says Bakshi. "I tried using a phony kid from Washington Square, somebody like Fritz, but even he sounded too sincere." Fritz is a phony student, a phony dropout, a phony poet, a phony liberal, a phony black sympathizer, a phony romantic, a phony revolutionary, and even a phony lover. Like so many others of the late '60s, Fritz dropped out, turned on, and tuned in to a life-style that made use of romantic, revolutionary rhetoric to camouflage an...undirected libido.

"All Fritz really wants to do is get laid... if the truth were to be told, that object was probably uppermost in the collective so-called mind of half the so-called 'counter-culture' in the late '60s. And maybe still."

IT was bound to happen. Anybody a few bricks short could have predicted it.

Nobody did.

The "comix", the counter-culture alternative to "comics", at least seemed to be securely underground. Despite the wide range in vision and subject matter—from Clay Wilson's violent, sex-crazed bikers to Rory Hayes' primitive, often surreal, bathroom drawings of genitals or the happy-go-lucky world of Shelton's lovable Furry Freaks, and R. Crumb's funky satire the bulk of the early comix and particularly *Snatch*, were just too filthy and vile and violent and weird to ever surface above the counter top. When *Snatch* comix was busted in Berkeley in November 1969, the assistant DA plumbed the depths of histrionic courtroom rhetoric in his effort to get a conviction: "THIS IS FILTH. THIS IS OBSCENE. THIS IS GARBAGE!" he raved. Though the Berkeley jury found the alleged smut-peddlers "not guilty", the comix continued to be sold clandestinely.

So I found Crumb in New York and we talked about it and I showed him some drawings and finally, after the fourth pizza, he said OK." Crumb was paid a \$7000 advance plus, according to Krantz, "a very substantial percentage of the net."

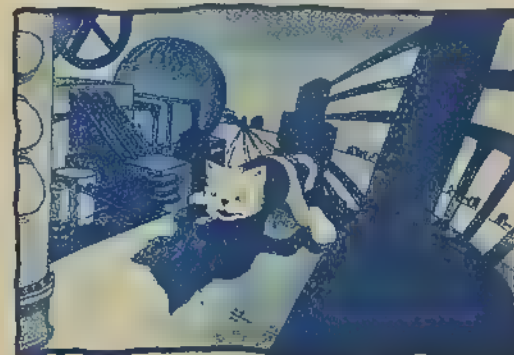
Crumb tells the story a little differently. "They called me up here (in Cupertino, California) from New York and said, 'Hey, we got this great thing. We're gonna do an animated cartoon of *Fritz the Cat*, and blah, blah. Why don't you come to New York and help us work on it. We'll pay your way.' So I got to New York and Ralph Bakshi showed me all this stuff they'd already done before they told me about it. So I was in this quandary for days, you know, just walking around New York trying to decide what to do about it. Bakshi was so enthusiastic about it. He said his whole career was at stake, and like it was just what he'd always wanted to do, and so I felt that if I didn't let him do it I was gonna be like a really mean guy, you know. I didn't think the guys really were capable of it. And at the same time I was afraid that if I let them do it I was gonna be involved in it whether I wanted to or not. Anyway, they kept after me and I finally said, 'OK, they want to do it worse than I don't want them to.'"

So, two years and one cool million later, Steve Krantz was sitting in his newly established Hollywood office, just two blocks off the "sidewalk of the stars," and going through the PR motions for the February 1 release of his 90-minute feature cartoon *Fritz the Cat*. "The owner of *Annie Fanny* came back to us with an offer after we'd bought Fritz," Krantz recalls. "We told them we weren't interested. Who needs *Annie Fanny*?"

KRANTZ had good reason to feel confident, even proud. Though he has had little to do with the actual making of the film, he had managed to raise a million dollars at a time when the idea of an animated Fritz must have sounded like a bad joke to financiers, promoters. "It was like walking miles on broken glass," recalls Krantz. He had also managed to talk Cinemation into

distributing the film, assuring it wide coverage. And most impressively, he had survived through two years of anxiety and frustration and doubt, when Bakshi was really the only man who knew what was going on.

Bakshi's Fritz is loosely based on about three-and-a-half strips from Crumb's 1969 comic book. Needless to say, the subject matter and language are revolutionary to the realm of animation. Fritz is a student at NYU who perceives that academics are a deadly waste of time, and that he should be out living his life to its fullest—meaning hustling girls. In the course of the action, he participates in an orgy in a bathtub with assorted other animals, gets chased into a synagogue by two cops (pigs, of course), escapes back to his room believing himself a fugitive, burns his study notes and the rest of the university in the process, and flees again. He heads north to Harlem, "to experience." There he meets Duke (a black crow) in a bar and lays down some white liberal platitudes like, "My



heart cries out to you in this racial crisis." "So shut," replies Duke. Together they steal a car, which the fugitive Fritz crashes, only to be rescued by Duke. In Harlem, they go to a party at Big Bertha's pad where Fritz is introduced to grass for the first time. He gets stoned and grabs for Big Bertha's big bosoms, and they end up in a junkyard copulating amidst the debris.

Before completely satisfying Big Bertha, Fritz gets the notion that now, having balled a black crow, he understands the black anguish. He mounts a car top and begins lecturing to a group of crows about their responsibility to rise up against their white oppressor. A riot ensues: the pigs arrive, and Duke is killed in the act of saving Fritz's striped hide.

Fritz splits Harlem and looks up his old alley cat gal, Winston, a bossy she-cat. Together they take off in Winston's VW for "the coast." Fritz imagines that life on the road will be romantic and full of adventure and poetry. Instead, Winston bitches and yowls and eats at Howard Johnson's. When they run out of gas, Fritz takes off with a bucket to hitch to the nearest town. He meets up with a gang of Hell's Angels, who convince him to join them and help in their mission to bring down America. The first plan is to blow up a power plant, but when Harriet, one of the biker's old ladies, is beaten and raped, Fritz turns sour on the Angels. He has fallen in love with Harriet.

On the night of the bombing, Fritz and a gal biker arrive at the power plant. Fritz decides that the violence trip is too heavy, and wants to back out. His co-conspirator decides that Fritz must be offed, and she orders him to place the dynamite behind a girder. As he follows her instructions, she ignites the fuse, and, "So long Fritz baby!" Fritz and the power plant go up together.

In the final scenes, Fritz lays swathed in bandages in a hospital bed. The gals from the bathtub orgy scene persuade the pig in the hall to let them in to see Fritz in his dying moments. Fritz painfully begins a solemn confessional, gradually inducing each girl to come closer. Finally, the dialogue gives way to a replay of the bathtub scene, and as Fritz coaches each girl in

positions of undress, his bandages miraculously unwind. The girls end up on the bed, bouncing up and down to a background of heavy breathing, while the scene fades into slow motion and a freeze.

BAKSHI/CRUMB'S satirical intentions need little comment. The barbs are aimed directly at the white, liberal, college-dropout-turned-revolutionary womanizer. "Fritz is so goddam phony we had to hire a real actor to do his dialogue," says Bakshi. "I tried using a phony kid from Washington Square, somebody like Fritz, but even he sounded too sincere." Fritz is a phony student, a phony dropout, a phony poet, a phony liberal, a phony black sympathizer, a phony romantic, a phony revolutionary, and even a phony lover. Like so many others of the late '60s, Fritz dropped out, turned on and tuned in to a life-style that made use of romantic, revolutionary rhetoric to camouflage an essentially undisciplined, undirected libido. All Fritz really



wants to do is get laid. And if the truth were to be told, that object was probably uppermost in the collective so-called mind of half the so-called "counter-culture" in the late '60s. And maybe still.

Crumb's immediate concern was to emphasize that the film was not his project, and that he'd had nothing to do with it, aside from creating the original comic book material. "What bothers me is that when it comes out, everybody's going to think I did it," he complained. "Either way—whether it's good or bad—I'm going to hear about it. They're going to be pestering me about it. It's such a big-time mass-media hype. I'm probably going to be bombarded by all kinds of bullshit." Crumb is legendary for his J.D. Salinger-like reclusiveness and reluctance to grant interviews. Several years ago, when culture-watchers first started calling him "the guru of underground comix", he split San Francisco (which happens to be the home of virtually every major comix artist in the world!) and moved with his wife to the village of Cupertino, 45 miles from San Francisco. There he works undisturbed, since he occasionally changes his unlisted phone number, and makes frequent jaunts down to the city to visit his friends and co-conspirators from the days of *Zap*. He is skinny, bespectacled, hunched; not unlike some of his own humanoid characters. And he's quiet and serious. And he's funny.

If Crumb looks like a character from his own cartoons, then Krantz belongs in *Annie Fanny*—slick, dapperly mod, well-poised, slightly greying; or, as Crumb describes him, "a New York Capitalist." The third character in the unlikely alliance behind Fritz, Ralph Bakshi, writer, director and chief animator, is straight from the frames of Gilbert Shelton's underground strip, *Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers*. Hustling around the expansive suite of offices and studios on Sunset Boulevard, he might be mistaken for an aging delivery boy—pudgy, bulbous-nosed, long-haired, and dressed in levis and camouflage shirt. He moves and talks as though propelled by some unending source of energy, and for the past two years he has been single-mindedly, obsessively occupied with Fritz.

"I guess I've blown up more mice in more different ways than the average guy can imagine," boasts Bakshi, referring to his years as studio head of animation at Paramount. "I mean those years were so horrible. I hated turning out all that crap. I hated the work. I hated the people, I hated myself sometimes for doing it. But thank God I did. I was hired right out of high school, and I learned animation from the top to the bottom, every aspect. I couldn't possibly have done *Fritz* without that background."

Animation *real* animation is, as Bakshi demonstrated, an incredibly complex, painstaking, expensive process. "For instance," he says, "in live-action film you can have four people sitting around a table talking and drinking. You coach the actors on the dialogue and the manner of movement and mood, and they take over. They scratch their head, wipe their nose, and twiddle their fingers, flick ash from their cigarettes, shift around in their seats. They're constantly alive and moving, even if the gestures are very small and hardly perceptible. But with animation somebody has to dream up every single movement and then draw it. And if you want realistic action, then the background to the main action has to be full of life. That means an infinite amount of little, barely noticeable detail."

Then there are the mathematical problems. "Say *Fritz* is coming across a big bridge in a car. The picture shows the car moving toward you, with the vertical suspension cables appearing in the receding background. Now you have to figure out just how fast those cables should recede relative to the speed of the car. Jesus, animation is just a lot of problems like that. Goddam little details that have to be worked out."

The production staff has ranged from as high as 75 as low as 25 in the final weeks, with as many as 40 animators working on the film plus course artists, photographers, musicians and sound technicians. For animators quit during the production, refusing to draw certain characterizations, such as blacks as crows, cops as pigs, and a Hell's Angel as a rabbit. "Sometimes I'd have to lean on some guy who's been doing animation for Disney or somebody for 30 years and tell him to pinch a chick's tit a little harder," recalled Bakshi. "And some of them would just throw their hands in the air and walk out. The reactions to the project from the major studios have been cool, but one official at Disney, who preferred to remain anonymous, issued a chilling public statement which he followed up with a personal commendation, saying he only wished that he could work on such a project."

The significant innovation which Bakshi brings to the film is the use of realistic, "non-cartooned" voices. As far as is concerned, *Fritz*'s voice is the only one done by a professional actor. The rest of the dialogue was taken, as often as possible, from real "in the street" situations. To do a two-minute rap session among hard hats on a lunch break, Bakshi gathered up four hard hats in a bar and prodded them in a general direction of conversation while recording the entire session. The resulting dialogue, synced into the mouths of the characters, sounds like it came from a real place. He did the same in Harlem bars for the sequences there. "This young guy, spotted, wearing which old Jews and Rabbis chanted and read from the Torah, was recorded in a New York synagogue where old Jews and Rabbis chanted and read from the Torah. The bathhouse scene, in which three young rabbis, slightly stupid Greenwich Village girls giggle and carry on, was recorded at a small, pre-arranged party with three young rabbis, slightly stupid Greenwich Village girls. And that's what it sounds like. Real. The Hell's Angel was a real Hell's Angel. The veteran cop was a friend of Bakshi's "who had always wanted to be a cop." The slob cop is Bakshi.

The music is mostly originally composed rock, interspersed with some jazz and a Billie Holiday recording of "It's Wonderful" during the sequence in which *Fritz* hooks Big Bertha in the junkyard. The music over the Harlem bar sequence is BB King. When I saw the film, the music soundtrack hadn't yet been

If *Fritz* is commercially successful and present indication suggest that it will be, despite the odds stacked against it, a plethora of "non-traditional" significant contributions to the world of animation. Where the *Bonnie and Clyde* animated *Yellow Submarine* by the way, the present general opinion to experiment with animation, *Fritz* takes the experiment several steps beyond the usual, and also opens the door to new, revolutionary subject matter, primarily sex and politics. It's obvious after seeing the film that sex in a cartoon is not a particularly erotic or suggestive, it's simply fun and funny. And not even that, the blatantly sexist vision of comic art is revolts your sensibilities. But politics and social criticism seem to be institutions designed expressly for the cartoonist. The cartoonist's imagination—the absurdity of the human condition and political conditions have long been the stuff of which great newspaper cartoons are made. To carry the process into feature-length animation is only a logical step which the present time has made prohibitive. Of course, if Hollywood lives up to its tradition, there will be a dozen money-cheap, half-hearted attempts to cover *Fritz*.

Continued on Page 23

FROM THE HEART OF AMERICA'S DAIRYLAND COMES THE GREATEST SUPERHERO OF THEM ALL!

Introducing--

Tarzan of the Cows

KENOSHA KOMICS

15¢ No. 1

MOOOO!

SO LONG, SUCKER! YOU'VE BOUGHT YOURSELF A ONE-WAY TICKET TO THE GLUE FACTORY!

BLAM!

RAT-A-TAT-A TAT-TAT-TAT!

FEATURING THE GROUNDHOG MEN AND THE WEST GRAVEL PIT OF WAUPACA COUNTY!!

WRITTEN BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRINGER

Yes, kids, its our special cut'n keep illiterate dopefiend supplement for you to look at, and first comes the

FREE CUT-OUT!

This supplement was compiled by Up Against the Wall Media Consultants with help from National Lampoon/UPS.



LSD WINGS: See the pretty wings? If you are on acid you can cut out the pretty wings, Scotch tape them or glue them to your back. Fly right out the window! Wheeeeeeeeeee!

NO SHIT!

Dope-sniffing police dogs pose no real threat. They can only detect marijuana from a few feet away and, besides, you can always keep the door locked and flush your stash before the cops break in. Dope-sniffing rhinos, however, are quite a different matter. The rhinoceros, as you undoubtedly know, detects smells from over a mile away and trashes locked doors in scant seconds. **THERE IS NO HIDING FROM A DOPE-SNIFFING RHINO!**



I INFILTRATED A BEATNIK HOOTENANNY FOR THE F.B.I.

by NORM DE PUEME

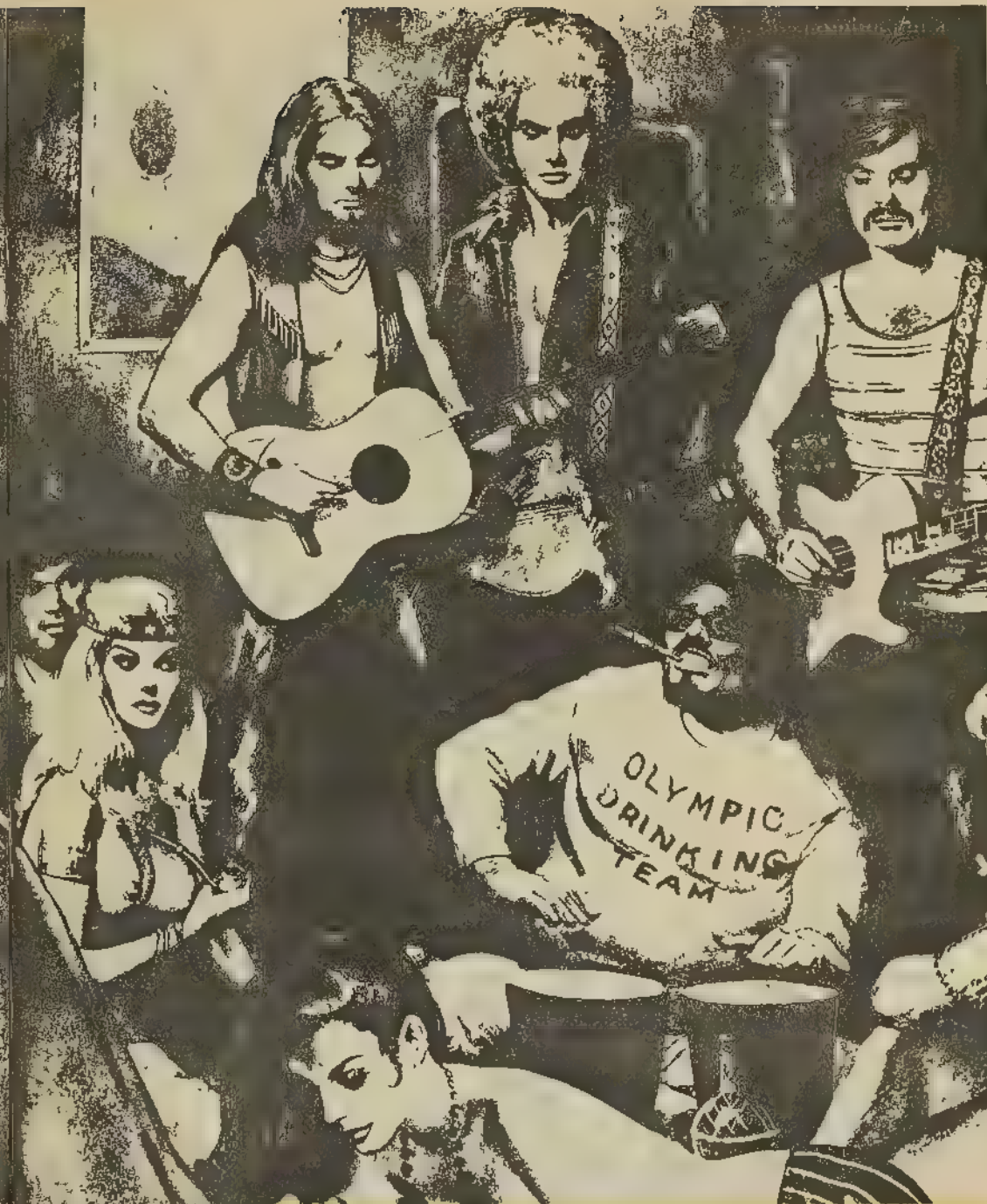
Ska-t-shattering blasts of acid-folk music pounded in my brain; my lungs struggled against the teletale, sickly sweet smell of LSD. My head was spinning like a top as I "casually" surveyed the "pad," its inhabitants a fleshy mass of jutting, bouncing breasts and jiggling bottom-an buttocks, all moving to the hypnotic rhythms of the Twist. Many of the revelers had even shed their socks.

"Hey Pop, wanna ball?"

Suddenly, in front of me was the nearest rack of knockers this undercover G-man's eyeballs had fanned in many an assignment. My mind raced to recall the "slang briefing" I had received in Washington from J. Edgar himself. Luckily, it all came back in a flash as I grabbed the doll in my muscular mitts.

"Reet, big eyes!" I murmured as I mashed her pneumatic tubes against the miniature microphone concealed in my "Ban the Bomb" button. "This hep daddy o knows the score and is going to show you how to *really* shake the shoe-leather. And afterwards you can tell me where you buy your pot."

(Continued on page 83)



"Beat me daddys, right to the bar!" I whooped, slapping out a driving bongo rhythm to the lead guitar. "Nobody here but just wigged-out nonconformists! . . ."



WISE OLD SAM AIN'T SHITTING ABOUT.

Two new bootleg albums turned up this week, "Beautiful Delilah" and "Yellow Matter Custard." The former mentioned is vintage Rolling Stones material and its hot stuff consisting of no less than seventeen cuts amongst them several old Chuck Berry numbers (Memphis, Roll Over Beethoven, etc) and just about everything else you could expect from the Stones circa 1961-2, the time when these sessions took place. Where these tapes originate from is anyone's guess: they're certainly not out-takes from any session for Decca, though one possibility is they may have been demos recorded at Regent Sound studios in Denmark Street (Tin Pan Alley to you, where their first album was made, too), so that they would eventually interest a record company sufficiently to secure a contract. "Yellow Matter Custard" you may have guessed, features the Beatles though I hasten to add, not music of theirs from the "Abbey Road" phase of their development. No, this goes right back to their roots. Unreleased studio material, it states on the cover, though I'm inclined to think this inaccurate. What we have here is a real gem that reaches back prior to their EMI days, fourteen tracks, amongst them several unheard Lennon McCartney originals from, it's a safe bet, circa 1960. They sound pretty rough, but in a most attractive way, the way they must have sounded down in the Cavern.

The Lyceum dates for the Grateful Dead and New Riders of the Purple Sage (new album out soon) are May 23/24/25/26 and the ticket price is £2—fuck, it's a bit steep, wouldn't you say?

The cities of Amsterdam, Liverpool and London all hope to exhibit Captain Beefheart's art work, if it happens here it happens at the ICA in autumn, a long way off yet.

Nektar are one hell of a band. There's some possibility that the Stones may gig at Great Western but we think it's a lot of jive, although Jagger hinted at it on Beeb 2.

Old Grey Whistle Test. Before the interview Richard Williams asked a drunken Farren & Barker what he

should ask Jagger. Ask him about how Keith Richards seems to be taking over. Richard, like a good lad, asked the questions but copped out on challenging Mick as to who wrote "Satisfaction." In Rolling Stone Keith claimed it was him alone.

Tony Secunda, out to twist the knife in Bolan by blowing him out of a manager, has schemes for making Steve Took a superstar. Took together with Barry Hunter arriving at Nasty Ball, bending his heads on poles. One flight gets included Farren and Twink double. Johnny Be Goodie, with ex-Delbert Bishop's Big Boppers. Edward wearing a chain, a £200 coke giveaway and White Panthers pissing on policemen. Any freak who runs a ck gig in London now has a minimum of 300 friends.

Jerry Lee Lewis claimed to have been "drinking for 4 days without stopping to sleep" last week.

Barker, Farren and Cox soon to put out "Satan's greater variety of hell."

This is a rare United Artists release, a live double set of the Greasy Truckers' Opening Party featuring performances by Hawkwind, Brinsley Schwarz, Man and also Magic Michael recorded at the event in the Roundhouse around February. All proceeds of the album (which sells at £1.50 and can be purchased at any of the aforementioned groups' gigs) will go towards helping the Greasy Truckers building project in Notting Hill Gate.

Lucifer's follow up to their smash hit "Rock You" is called "I'm a God" and will doubtless enjoy the same success.

Unconfirmed rumours that a director of Bickers haw Festival is currently in jail on fraud charges (not with regard to the Festival, though). Also reports that drainage in site arena is a non-event and parts resemble a swamp.

John Peel complains that Bolan now ignores him. Iggy Stogee, charming Nasty Ball, claims to have consumed Stogees and will

bring them to join him, as if we needed to import lunatics. BBC and Granada (in their wisdom) have apparently wiped all copies of Ready Steady Go and also things like The Beatles Spectacular and Dylan in concert. Speculation in underground as to who writes Private Eye's Drop Out Dave column. Favourites R Neville and J Greene.

Country Joe McDonald playing two heaviest Women's Lib songs ever written. If a certain dope dealer doesn't stop fucking about, we're going to print his name and picture. Germaine Greer did pornographic sessions for Suck, Europe's English language sexpaper.

Funny thing about Time Out whizz kid Tony Elliot is how he'll sit and be insulted as long as it's necessary so long as he's with the right people.

There's still much talk of the original Byrds reforming for an album. The next Mothers album is called "Just Another Band from LA" and is another live one, meanwhile there's that nine-volume set still to come.

Severa. Janis Joplin tapes featuring her singing blues songs such as "Nobody Knows You When You're Down And Out" and "Hesitation Blues" with acoustic accompaniment from Jorma Kaukonen have recently turned up, hopefully for release someday. Marc Bolan is to write the music score for Fellini's next movie, this is no joke.

Rumours circulating about a Bangla-Desh style benefit concert to be arranged for the families of Ulster internees. Children in Derry have a song that starts "I'd like to buy myself a bomb" sung to the tune of "It's the Real Thing."

Astronaut Charlie Duke becoming hippie hero by falling down a lot and saying fuck live on world TV. And a paranoid tail piece. It seems the crews of US Polaris nuclear submarines that sit round on the sea bed poised to waste the planet, pass the time ripped on smack, acid, coke, you name it. Nobody yet had a go on the bombs but....

LITTERBUG!

FROM AN ABE AWAY, IT'S EASY TO LOOK BACK ON, SAY, THE EMPIRE OF ROME AND COOLLY REASON WHY IT FELL AND HOW DISASTER COULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED. WELL, WHO KNOWS BUT ONE DAY SOMEONE OR SOMETHING MIGHT LOOK BACK ON US AND SAY 'WOW, THEY REALLY DID ASK FOR IT!'

IMAGINE THEN, A SCHOOL OUTING FROM ANOTHER PLANET TO THE RUINS OF OUR CIVILIZATION.

WE'LL BE LANDING SOON, KIDS, AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE CLOSE UP JUST WHAT HAVOC LIVING BEINGS CAN INFLICT UPON THEMSELVES.

GREAT!

OKAY KIDS, EVERYBODY OUT! MAKE SURE YOUR ANTI-CONTAMINATION SUITS ARE ZIPPED UP AND DON'T GO WANDERING OFF.

YES, SIR!

WOW, JUST LOOK AT THE MESS!

HMM, I'VE SEEN IT ALL BEFORE, OF COURSE, BUT IT NEVER FAILS TO HORRIFY!

TEACHER!

TEACHER! LOOK!

HELP PLEASE HELP ME!

WHAT IN SPACE?!

DON'T SHOOT! PLEASE DON'T SHOOT! I DON'T MEAN ANY HARM PLEASE!

ALL RIGHT, MAN, CALM DOWN! WE WON'T HURT YOU!

TEACHER! LOOK!

WHAT IN SPACE?!

EVENTUALLY REGAINING SOME COMPOSURE, THE MAN EXPLAINS.

I AM WAS A SCIENTIST I SAW THAT ALL THIS WAS GONNA HAPPEN, SO I UM-HIP I BUILT A VAULT OF TITANIUM STEEL AND BURIED MYSELF IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION. I SET THE CONTROLS TO WAKE UP IN FIVE HUNDRED YEARS BUT THE HEAT FROM YOUR EXHAUSTS MUST HAVE WOKEN ME TOO SOON.

OH.

IS THERE ANYONE ELSE LEFT ALIVE?

NO ONE ELSE, I'M AFRAID... YOU'RE THE LAST MAN ON EARTH!

SOME TIME LATER, ABOARD THE ALIEN SPACESHIP.

IT'S VERY KIND OF YOU TO TAKE PITY ON ME LIKE THIS.

WHAT'S YOUR PLANET LIKE, ANYWAY?

WE'LL FRANKLY, IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

SEEING WHAT INDUSTRY HAD DONE TO OTHER PLANETS, OUR WORLD COUNCIL MADE WILFUL POLLUTION A CAPITAL OFFENSE.

THEN, THE INVENTION OF XAMMA-RAYS MEANT THAT ALL WASTE PRODUCTS COULD BE TOTALLY DESTROYED WITHOUT EVEN A WISP OF SMOKE...

NOW, IF YOU'D JUST STEP INTO THIS ANTI-CONTAMINATION RADIATION BLOWER...

STORY + ART: DAVE GIBBONS

AND SO IT IS THAT THE EARTHMAN'S EYES ARE SOON FILLED WITH A BEAUTY THAT HE HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN WAS POSSIBLE.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO COME WITH ME, I'LL TAKE THE KIDS BACK TO SCHOOL AND THEN SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU.

OH THANKS.

HMM... I COULD DO WITH A SMOKE. HEV- THAT'S JUCKY, JUST ONE LEFT!

TEACHER! LOOK!

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU COULDN'T BE TRUSTED!

EH?!

TEACHER.

SURELY YOU MUST REALIZE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE AND WHAT I MUST DO!

STAND BACK, KIDS!

NO! I'M SORRY - NO!

EEVARRGH!

I HAVE NO CHOICE!

SO MUST DIE ALL PARASITES, CHILDREN REMEMBER THAT HE WAS NO MORE THAN VERMIN!

I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY HE WAS A LITTERBUG, EH SIR?

4- AN INSECT!

YES, THAT'S THE WORD... NOW COME ON, BACK TO SCHOOL!

... AND NOT EVEN A WISP OF SMOKE IN THE SPARKLING AIR SHOWED WHERE THE LAST MAN HAD DIED.



handy colored message

Marshall McLuhan and Tom Wolfe at U.S.C.'s Arts Festival this year.

What do Marshall McLuhan and Marshall Dillon have in common besides a TV tube? Certainly not a clean-cut appearance anymore; the electronic guru from Toronto has a moustache. He was in LA recently to speak at the U.S.C. Festival of the Arts, grooved on his prepared themes like a record.

But Southern California undid him a bit. Walking with him before lunch I heard a lot of banter about the smells of the earth and flowering plants, hours before he'd been in snow-covered Canada where he teaches at the U. of T. He refused to ride a ferris wheel set up on campus, but he did laugh about eating ice cream in the dead of winter at lunch.

TV coverage of Nixon in China thrilled most of us more than mechanical shots of the lunar surface, and McLuhan was no exception. But he saw smaller things too, and as he talked you could see them being filed away for use in a future book to follow his compilations like *The Medium is the Message*, *War and Peace in the Global Village*, and the like.

"At one point a television crew was looking for something to shoot in a department store," he recounted, "when they found an old Chinese man holding a thermos bottle up to his ear. The TV people got a translator to ask what he was doing. 'Testing for quality,' the old man replied." The baffled crew taped it and probably filed it under strange odds and ends.

"But in China," McLuhan continued, "this made perfect sense. Do you know how to tell an authentic, good Chinese vase? I was told once and tried it and it works. You hold the vase in your hand at arms length for a minute or two, and if it's good it will begin to hum with the circulation of your blood. A bad vase won't hum."

"So the man was listening to the thermos, as people of an ear-oriented tradition will do. And this is most of the planet's people. The Westerners are alone in judging things mainly by superficial appearances. Others prefer touch or sound as standards."

McLuhan attacks the listener much as acid does, with a flood of insights that overload and dissolve the logic. Some non-linear examples (I'll just vomit back my notes on a few minutes chatter to suggest how fast his rap was moving):

- the Chinese write in ideograms, cartoons with strong bounding lines and many meanings, these are tactile and iconic, not visual;

- the visual man hates things with many meanings, prefers a nailed-down reality, hates the ambiguity of puns,

- a pun: the story of a little boy born without arms or legs whose mother wanted him to succeed, so after years of work and will he grew limbs, crept out into the street, and was run over by a truck. And the moral of the story is "Stop when you're ahead." Put more simply, dig what you are because you're already there, the Orientalisation of the West, the insight brought by media, is that people want roles, not goals, style and not objectives,

- past identity was linear, fixed, nailed down ... the specialist is the guy who stays put, as McLuhan said years ago ... so electronic media, as an extension of the central nervous system, is threatening the old identity,

- when the lights go out, people must find where they are by bumping around in the dark. It's momentarily dark now, the old lights being gone, so people are violently knocking about, every new technology has been followed by such a wave of disruption, naturally;

- TV, radio, drugs, all an inner trip with certain dangers ... radio spawned Hitler and Gandhi, huge new tribal leaders. UNESCO endangers the world by spreading transistor radios to ear-oriented people who believe what they hear, who live by ear. The violence in Ireland would virtually stop if the radios were turned off,

- media sends the sender, we really were in Peking this past week, Peking really was here, the media "put us on" as a mask, always,

- "Muskie", what a horrible name for a candidate. Politicians do not understand media effects, none do; yet we've played with it and let it take us over;

- Orientals have always considered the effects of technologies before adopting them, hence few have been adopted; why in the West don't we think ahead like that? Because "we would consider it a threat to our private identities;"

- In Europe people go home to be alone; in America we go outside to find solitude—very strange. European cars are play-things; Americans use their cars as enclosed realities, little worlds;

- Rock music comes only from the South, and the Beatles came from Liverpool, under circumstances where both reflected ear-oriented cultures, oral traditions,

- we need an Anticipatory Democracy to program the environment into a work of art; work must become play, must become artform;

- just as printing returned a social interest in Greek paganism during the Renaissance, so today electronic media is returning social interest to the occult, the magical, the irrational ...

I'm not sure I buy all such things, of which the above is but a brief sample, but then McLuhan doesn't claim to be selling finished products. He has always called himself a prober and a poker into uncharted regions—and he persists in doing so fascinatingly. And somebody should.

Why is it, he asks, that an Eskimo can take a broken watch or motor he's never before seen and within minutes repair it? Is it because he intuitively deals with machinery as an organic whole? perhaps.

What will happen in this society as we take another step beyond printing and everyone, through Xerox, becomes his or her own publisher, or through guerrilla TV becomes his or her own television producer?

McLuhan is probing in the world of pattern recognition, of seeing a whole from the puzzle pieces, or picking the cause out from a passel of existing effects. He is, so to speak, a generalist in a world in which specialism is obsolete—however powerful.

And too, he laughs at folk like B.F. Skinner, "a poor little 19th century specialist man." Or as he says humorously: One day Skinner tested a grasshopper to see if it could jump over a crossbar; each time it tried and failed, he cut off a leg, when all the legs had been cut off, he ordered it to jump but got no

continued on page 44

ROCKE



NASTY BALL No.2 26th April at Bumpers

By 10.30 our second great fundraising event was slowly and deliberately converting itself into a small and well oiled party for inebriate insomniacs. There was nothing we could do. Except go to the bar and tie one on. Or reach under the table for the Old Grandad. Which we did. Then we slid down in our seats (or relaxed under tables) trying to get the entire bizarre spectacle into focus. Friends of Rooney the Crow loomed out of the smoke bomb haze proudly dragging Corporation trees in their wake and weird quasimodos brandished their lifelike Wonder Warthog masks impaled on poles at no one in particular. (Butchery courtesy of Messrs Hunter & Took). Far from making bread for the trial, we were lucky to almost break even, but apart from the financial aspect, it was a pretty hilarious night. We'd like to thank all the bands who played for meagre expenses: Nektar, Running Man, Skin Alley, Help Yourself, Bishops Big Boppers and last but not least Steve Took, the West London necrophiliac.

Thanks also to Gordian Troeller Bradford and John, who arranged and showed the movies, Jaynie from IT, Rose the pancake lady, the West London Panthers and Jilly's Hotdogs for providing the surfeit of food, and everyone who came including Iggy Stodge and John Cox. Also thanks to Andi Dunkley for DJ and compering.

Final Note: Don't miss next exciting appearance of IT's stimulants can be fun' team which will take place in the very near future. And if you don't come, fuck ya!

JOE HILL LEWIS The One Man Band (Muskadine 101 - import) THOMAS SHAW Born In Texas (Advent 2801 - import)

Muskadine & Advent are very new labels, putting out (according to their first releases) some great music. Muskadine 100 is an excellent compilation album of late 40s/early 50s Chicago blues, whereas 101 devotes its time to one artist, one man bandsman Joe Hill Lewis. From here on in, Duster Bennett and Duke Boy Donner can forget it!

Getting his name through winning a fight, his strength comes through

in his singing and playing, and the whole has a completeness that belies it being just one person. The tracks are thrown together, early and late ('49-'56), fast and slow, happy and sad, powerful and gentle, but all are imbued with vitality, strength and sheer unpretentious enjoyment. The early tracks are the bluesier, with his guitar having a richness of tone that was later lost, an influence was John Lee Hooker, and it shows. As the years passed the tone got harsher, and the rock n' roll beat became a stronger influence. This is overall a happy feel album, and one to enjoy, and the sleeve is well put together, with excellent notes and full discographical data (much of it improving on Blues Records).

But the real joy is Tom Shaw. This man has spent so much of his life wandering so close to the surface of, but just missing, being discovered, and it was by sheer accident (or Fate) that he finally made it, at the age of 62! Going into a shop to buy guitar strings, Lou Curtis (the owner) was curious, asked Tom to play, and immediately snapped him up. Festivals and concerts have followed until he is now one of THE discoveries of the last two years. His music evidences the early artists he has known, notably Blind Lemon Jefferson and Funny Papa Smith; born and living most of his life in Texas, he has naturally absorbed the state guitar work (as evidenced by Lightnin' Hopkins) but there are heavy reminiscences of Mississippi Fred McDowell, a product of a totally different area. He plays rural blues at their best for mass enjoyment, away from the pure, obscure, esoteric, and yet retaining the rawness of the real bluesman. The lyrics are his own, with refreshing imagery. (I howl for you mama till my tonsils sore), often reworking them into old tunes. Sometimes this is taken to putting two or more tunes into one number, witness Smokestack Lightnin' and Big Road Blues in Stop & Listen.

If Tom had recorded these tracks in the 20s or 30s, we would now hail them and him as brilliant. Let's do so today. To get hold of these, and other fine imports, contact Tony Martin, 90 Braycourt Ave, Walton-on-Thames and let him have £3.15. They're worth every penny.

Michael J.

JOHN STEWART The Lonesome Picker Rides

Again (Warner Bros)

Where the hell do I start? I just don't know how to review this. John Stewart is a new one on me, a contemporary folk balladier, oozing emotion, and a catch in his throat. Sound awful? Well, let's see.

He is the picker, and he is surrounded by among the best in session men (and women): Russ Kunkel, Leland Sklar, Peter Asher and Kate Taylor; the first 3 you will remember from Sweet Baby James. Mud Slide. The music is easy paced (generally), easy on the ear, relaxed, gentle, and even delicate, and while being immensely enjoyable, it somehow (for me) falls short of its hand strongly grabbing me. I just can't put my finger on what's missing, but something surely is. I'm a sucker for sentimental things and this is a sentimental album, but perhaps it stops short of total effect. And funnily enough, two of the best tracks are the live ones, both really getting to grips, and getting moving.

Michael J.

BONZO DOG BAND Let's Make Up and Be Friendly (United Artists)

Suddenly it's fun time, with the latest load of 'rubbish' from Messrs. Stanshall, I nnes, Ruskin Spear, and Smith, recorded Nov '71. All new tracks, and all up to their inimitable standard. Their own brand of madness and biting parody, and sarcasm, this time throw up Beatheart (The Strain-on-the Lavatory), Beach Boys (King of Seurf), Woman's Hour Book Time (Rawlinson End), Beatles (Don't Get Me Wrong), Kings/Gerry & The Pacemakers (Fresh Wound), and Johnny Cash (Bad Blood). Their effect is in the exaggeration, and distortion of the normal, and the use of the seamy and hideous, and the whole thing is done with such polish and enthusiasm that it is difficult not to laugh. Apart from Rawlinson, there is more emphasis here than previously on music, and often it would be hard to tell the parody from an original (is this the true mark of success?). Examples: 'Don't Get Me Wrong', the harmonies are so much the Beatles, and the vocal even sounds as if it were Lennon.

The album is all very good, and winds up with a laugh.

Michael J.

EAT IT

SAILORS POTATOES

6 large potatoes, 4 large tbsps dripping, 3 large onions, 1 large tbsp flour, water, salt, pepper

Peel and $\frac{1}{4}$ the potatoes. Chop the onions, fry these latter in the dripping till they are brown. Add flour and let that brown too. Then stir in enough water (about a cupful) to make a nice sauce. Add potatoes, and seasoning. Cover the pan and simmer gently for about 2½ hours. Keep shaking the pan from time to time

When the potatoes are ready turn them into a hot dish, and pour over them any sauce which has not boiled dry.

MIXED VEG

4 large potatoes, 2 large carrots, 2 large onions, 2 large parsnips or turnips, ½ pt peas (tinned or frozen), 1 tsp flour, salt, red pepper, ½ glass red wine

Peel and dice all the vegetables trying to get them all about the same size. Fry the onions first in butter then make a sauce with the flour and wine. Season well. Stir in carrots, turnips and potatoes and cook till nearly tender. Add peas, shake well together, cover the pan and cook 20 mins more very gently as the mixture will be thick (should be!). Serve hot. This makes a very smart and pretty border to a dish of meat.

POTATO & CHESTNUT SOUP

1 lb chestnuts, 1 pt water, 1½lb potatoes, 2 oz butter, 1 pt milk (more for a thin soup), salt, red pepper

You can either use tinned chestnuts or else wait till the chestnut

season and go to the bother of peeling them.

Peel potatoes and slice them. Put them in a pan with the nuts, butter and water, and cook gently till tender. Put all through sieve. Bring milk to boil. Stir it into the puree and re-heat, seasoning and thickening to taste. If you're feeling quite self indulgent add a little thick cream just before serving.

LEFTOVERS, etc.

Use any leftover potatoes for hash (corned beef)

Spare baked or boiled potatoes can be diced and added to salads, soups and casseroles.

Use mashed potatoes in soup, meat loaves or to thicken sauces

Water in which potatoes are boiled can be used for soups, adding to bread doughs.

Make mashed potatoes more tasty by adding a beaten egg.

Potatoes may be flavoured with parsley, dill, rosemary, mint, chives, celery, poppy seeds, grated cheese, even yoghurt. Experiment.

GREEK POTATOES

Here is a recipe using potatoes and tripe (which really is delicious if cooked and flavoured properly as well as being incredibly cheap).

4 large potatoes, ½ pt milk, ¼ lb tripe, 1 onion, butter, pepper, salt, 1 oz sweet almonds

Boil the tripe in water with a little milk, and add the onion, sliced. Cook for two hours until nearly tender. Drain off the liquid and cut the tripe into pieces about 1" wide and about 6" long. Roll

these into little rolls. Scrub the potatoes and cut out a small piece from the top and bake for ½ hour. Remove from the oven, and with a spoon (not your fingers) take out most of the inside of the potatoes and then fill the space with rolls of tripe and put potatoes back on top to fill out shape.

Add a piece of butter, put on top of the potato and cook for another ½ hour in a slow oven. Meanwhile add the remainder of the potato pulp to the tripe stock and thicken with a little flour if necessary. Blanch the almonds and dry in salt. Cut into thin slices. When the potatoes are ready, place them on a dish and stick them all over with almonds. Serve the sauce in a separate dish and add to it 2 or 3 finely chopped almonds.

POTATO SCONES

½ lb mashed potatoes, 6 oz sifted flour, 2 oz butter, 1 saltspoon of salt, 1 tsp baking powder, a little milk, 1 egg

Rub the butter into the flour, add the salt and baking powder. Mix this thoroughly with the mashed potatoes. Beat up the egg (with a little milk) Add it to the above and work into a dough, using a little milk if necessary. Roll out on a floured board about ½ inch in thickness, cut into rounds 2"–2½" in diameter. Place them on a buttered baking tin, brush over with milk, and bake in a quick oven for about 15 minutes. The scones are best when eaten hot and buttered (but can be served cold. If for some reason they don't get eaten and become stale—then split them, toast and butter

MAINLY POTTS.



MGM are attempting to jump on the dope bandwagon with their latest offering from the team that brought us "They Shoot Horses Don't They" and "The Strawberry Statement."

"Believe In Me" combines unimaginative photography with a sickly, if not downright nasty, tale of two all-American lovers treading the downward path of speed addiction. The couple played by Michael Sarrazin (doing his best to look like Omar Sharif for some reason) and Jacqueline Bissett, meet through a friend at the hospital where Sarrazin is an up and coming intern interested in investigating drug abuse. He starts stealing pills in order to cope with life both outside and inside the hospital, and in the last frames of the film the evil dealer gives him his first shot of heroin as Jacqueline deserts him, presumably to return to her job as

editor of children's books.

Director Stuart Hagmann has strangled the "message" of the film with a series of sentimental out-of-focus scenes combining the worst qualities of Dr Kildare and Love Story, managing to completely evade the issues inherent in the drugs problem in the States, as the hero and heroine gradually accelerate from dex and diet pills respectively to methedrine and heroin. Maybe some Americans do drop out in this way, but I find it strange that they made no contact with any kind of alternative community through their drugs, in fact they have nothing to "drop out" to.

And another bummer "A Day In The Death Of Joe Egg" after the play of the same name put out by Columbia. With screenplay by Peter Nichols and starring Alan Bates and Janet Suzman, this should have been a good film, but

emerges, unfortunately, as a period piece. The play was written a good few years ago and has not matured with age, the characters are all outrageously overdrawn and the comedy is forced, to say the least. It would have been a better idea to show it on the TV, where fifties and early sixties movies have almost a camp appeal and the plot, exposing the feelings of the parents of a spastic child, fitted in well with the usual pap broadcast by the big corporations.

And finally a new monthly magazine for film buffs, **Cinema Rising**, has at last appeared on the newsstands. The first issue contains many interesting articles on modern films, as well as a comprehensive review section. They could do with a bit of advice on the design side, though.

Caroline.



ITMAIL!

RECORDS

ITMAIL regrets that due to increased prices from our suppliers, from this issue, all bootleg prices are increased by 25p.

BOB DYLAN £2.50 + 10p p&p
Forty Red White & Blue Shoestrings
inc: I Wanna Be Your Man, She's Your Lover Now, Rock and Gravel, and more

BOB DYLAN £2.50 + 10p p&p
"24"
An early Dylan bootleg, unduplicated, with 25 minutes on each side of favourite Dylan songs.

JIMI HENDRIX £2.50 + 10p p&p
Sky High
featuring Johnny Winter and a drunken Jim Morrison somewhere near the microphone. inc: Red House, Tomorrow Never Knows and more

CROSBY STILLS & NASH £2.50 + 10p p&p
Wooden Nickel
With one electric side and one acoustic, inc: Guinevere, Birds, Judy Blue Eyes, Sea of Madness, Down by the River and more

GULP £2.50 + 10p P&P
Side One. John Lennon, Yoko Ono and the Plastic Ono Band with the Who—mini opera—ex "Rock and Roll Circus"
Side Two. Buffalo Springfield 'Bluebird', Captain Beefheart (4 tracks)

LEON RUSSELL
In Concert £2.50 + 10p p&p
inc: The Circle, It Takes a Lot to Laugh, Delta Lady, Honky Tonk Woman and more from 1970 Disco 2 TV show

POSTERS

Silver Surfer (full colour) 50p + 10p p&p
Convex & Concave (Escher) 25p + 10p p&p
Belvedere (Escher) 25p + 10p p&p

PATCHES

Green/yellow butterfly to applique (approx 3" wingspan) 25p + 3p p&p

INCENSE

Krishna Temple incense, handmade sticks, in packets of 24.

Jasmin/Lotus/Honeysuckle/Rose
Sandalwood/Cherry/Lemon
Strawberry/Patchouly/Orange
Frankincense/Myrrh/Bayberry
African Violet/Passion Flower
Frangipani
30p + 5p p&p
please circle the
flavour you want

BADGES

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Women's Lib 5p / Angry Brigade 7p
Gay Liberation 10p

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Everything you always wanted to know about marijuana

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Revised edition of this controversial book

NASTY TALES No.3 20p + 5p p&p
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Books

THE ROOTS OF COINCIDENCE

Arthur Koestler

(Hutchinson, £2.00 but more or less worth it)

Well, if you haven't ever read any of Arthur Koestler's non-fiction books, now's the time to start. On the other hand, if over the years you've been following his non-fiction science-explained-with-some-personal-philosophy-head-trip, then this is the book you've been waiting for.

Koestler's one of that special breed of near-genius *generalisers* that have been specially bread out of the Twentieth Century, and occasionally—when I'm feeling good about the world—I rate him even alongside Buckminster Fuller, except that Buckie's a lot less passive.

Now finally—in sequence with his other books which over the years have taken broad looks at the world of science and technology, and extracted the essence of what was going down as only a generalist thinker (almost a journalist) could—he has turned his fascinated and philosophically beedy eye on the scientific research now taking place in the field of extra-sensory phenomena.

Most beautifully, he relates the research taking place in extra-sensory phenomena (Perceptions, Telepathy, Psi Phenomena) to that taking place in quantum physics which already has taken up such occult and supernatural concepts as negative mass, time loops and invisibility.

The roots of coincidence is a superb and at times amazing introduction to things supernatural, clairvoyance, mysticism, poltergeists, sixth and seventh senses, and quantum physics—and will be read by anyone with a simple curiosity or a serious interest in any of these subjects.

Finally, the interesting thing is that although Arthur Koestler has written a near-perfect treatise on the perfection of the micro-macro energies, he himself misses the perfection and the point. But in his own plodding way he'll make it in

the end, as do we all.

William Boom

ATLANTEAN TRADITIONS IN ANCIENT BRITAIN

PART III (Magical Heritage in Wales)

Anthony Roberts

Illustrated. Published by Zodiac House, 7 Hugon Road, Fulham, SW6. Price 35p.

Another goodie from Anthony Roberts. This time the book is illustrated. Lots of beautiful words and fancies. Pleasant and interesting to read. Get all three parts.

Joy Farren

NARCOTIC PLANTS

William Emboden

(Studio Vista, £2.80)

Absolutely fascinating stuff, incredibly well illustrated. Appendix A is on the Chemistry of Hallucinogens—astound your friends with your new knowledge or even nicer, buy a copy as a special present for a special friend. The book is divided up into chapters on hallucinogens, stimulants, inebriants, tobaccos and snuffs, hypnotics and sedatives.

Sample of book: "In North Africa many houses have rooms where kif, or Cannabis resins are smoked while traditional stories are related and songs and dances re-created for each generation. Friends greet one another by offering kif from their muttoni or kif pouch. The degree of esteem is indicated by the grade of kif selected from this many pocketed purse. The cultural ramifications are many and historical. It is unfortunate that North Americans are attempting to convert these peoples to alcohol, they have experienced far too much acculturation by zealots in the past."

It's all interesting; beautifully produced too. Some of William Emboden's comments on the narcotics he is writing about are worth thinking about even if you do not entirely agree with him.

Joy Farren

BLOOD IN MY EYE

George Jackson

(Jonathan Cape, £1.95)

Blood in my Eye is the manuscript George Jackson completed a few days before he was murdered at San Quentin in an alleged prison break. It still makes me sick with rage to think about it. For the one beautiful George Jackson who manages to reach us with his words and his pain, there are thousands of others suffering the same injustice. There is so much love in the Jackson family. *Blood in my Eye* is not so immediately attractive to read as *Soledad Brother*. It is harder, there's less hope, more bitterness. But it should be read. And read carefully—a murdered man's talking to you.

"People's War is not polite or proper. It is not possible to limit the scope and range of violence to what the enemy will bear without reacting. Any ideal, any activity that may do violence to their control, will never be permitted. People's War is improvisation and more improvisation. It is organizing the masses around their realistic needs and moving them against whatever forces restrict their passage to power." And a lot of people are dying because they love the People.

Joy Farren



cont. DON'T START ME TALKIN'

We know they don't want the parents and still less the kids talking about it at this stage but though this is quite obvious from their attitudes they can't come right out and say so right away, because that would blow the whole carefully structured scheme. So I look the professional man from the ILEA full in the face and tell him that Holloway Parent Teacher Association has organised a meeting to discuss the plans and that we're inviting every other PTA in the area to come to it and he's got to keep a straight face because that's what Dr Briault said in his personally signed letter to me, didn't he, "widest discussion and that's what we're doing, even though I can see from his general lack of enthusiasm that it wasn't meant to happen this way at all."

Of course, the fight's not going to be a walk-over, especially since political judo is such a new and untried art. Basically it comes down to two simple principles. (1) always play the game by your own, secret rules (which may accidentally happen to coincide with the official Rules), (2) As soon as your opponents think they've worked out what rules you're playing by, change 'em.

Of course, though you've got to take advantage of the opportunities they give you to talk, it mustn't be allowed to stop there (which is the main object of the exercise as far as they're concerned). Constitutionalist tactics aren't the only ones to be employed.

In the last issue of Playboy, would you believe, are two lovely stories told by the radical organiser Saul Alinsky about how he achieved two notable victories by somewhat unorthodox means. In one case, he threatened to fill up his people with beans and send them to disrupt a symphony concert organised by his opponents with the world's first fart in, and in another, he planned to clog up the toilets at Chicago's airport with a piss-in, also the world's first, so that none of the passengers landing would be able to take a leak. Both times, the mere suggestion that the people were going to demonstrate their strength in such an unorthodox but completely legal way was sufficient to make the opposition back down. When you consider that, in one case, the opposition was Mayor Daley of Chicago, it makes you realise the power of political judo.

Steve Sparkes once said to me that if the revolution wasn't going to be fun, then he wasn't going to come. Though at the time the remark offended against the puritan ethic at the heart of my then Marxist thinking, I've come to believe there is a basic truth in it.

If we can show that political judo can be fun, not only will we attract lots of people who are normally bored shitless by the grey-suited funlessness of most politics, but we will so scare the living daylights out of our opponents that they won't know what to do.

It's about time the game started being played by our rules

KARL DALLAS

REVOLUTION cont from 13

manner of temptation, the older we get, the more valuable it becomes - our deposit account that is."

Note the individual emphasis on the good character rather than the good tribe. The good character is significantly compared with something which is both private and monetary - a deposit account - rather than defined in terms of a relationship between people of peace or love. There are echoes of that Puritan classic "The Pilgrim's Progress" in the view of life as "a vale of tears" offering "all manner of temptation." The emphasis on saving and interest makes Argyle's statement a classic epitome of the Protestant Ethic.

This crumbling orthodoxy is now challenged by a chaotic

opposition of social deviants. Society always contains people who don't fit - intellectual dissidents "who think too much" according to anti-intellectuals, religious dissidents who see through the spiritual shallowness of the orthodox, sexual dissidents who resist "binding with briars their joys and desires", mental dissidents who don't share the same "reality" as most other people, political dissidents who go beyond consensus politics.

Social deviants are not so tightly bound up in conventional ways of thinking and behaving. They are more inclined and more free to experiment, and hence to be the initiators of social change. They might truly say, "We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars." Their innovations spread outward, like the ripples from a stone cast in a pond, becoming adopted more widely and modified until a new orthodoxy is temporarily arrived at. In the case of the underground this is a crucially difficult part of the revolution. Unfortunately so much of what the underground has touched has turned to gold.

That, then, is the problematic way in which a deviant subculture can contribute to social change. We are now in a better position to consider our original question, what should be the nature of our revolution and how can it best be achieved?

I hope that it is clear by now that consumer capitalism and the Protestant Ethic should be the targets at which the revolution should fire - or laugh. But their abolition would clearly require changes in law, education, politics, economics, and many other social fields. The fact that a certain kind of society and a certain kind of personality reinforce each other doesn't mean that if we attempt to liberate ourselves through new funky life-styles then the institutional changes will follow. On the contrary, we all know how such institutions get in the way of leading a funky life-style! But it is often objected that if we try to deal with them we would lose what we want to gain in the realm of the human personality.

This is because we would have to plan instead of cultivating spontaneity, work for the revolution instead of having play itself as the revolution, sacrifice for the future instead of enjoying freedom now, consider violence instead of living our lives in the gentleness we advocate, knuckle down to organizational discipline instead of celebrating the anarchic liberty we seek, submit ourselves to a hierarchy of command in the struggle instead of enjoying the egalitarianism we want, get involved in political, legal, and economic struggles and either become aggressive in order to win, or refuse to behave aggressively and lose.

Fortunately we are not in the position of the anarchist regiments which were the first to be eliminated in the Spanish Civil War because of their indiscipline. Our revolution is not a war. It needs no party or bureaucracy because issues involving institutional changes are fought by ad hoc groups who are closest to the matter in question.

There seems to be a division in the underground between those who want to change the heads and those who want to change society, in other words, perhaps, a division between introverts and extroverts respectively. The Alternative Society needs its gentle introverted spirits to keep alive the movement's visionary inspiration. But it equally needs its more combative extroverted spirits to achieve the required institutional and political changes. The Alternative Society needs both human types, just as it is better for an individual if the introverted and extroverted elements in his own nature are in harmony. If the movement's introverts and extroverts go their separate ways then each may tend towards a sterile extremism of passivity or bloodshed. But if a dialogue of goodwill is maintained then each may curb the excesses of the other. Together they can turn a ripple of social deviance into a main current of historical change. For despite our differences, we are birds of a feather.

Patrick Newman

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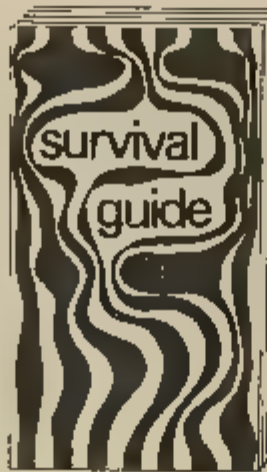
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Kandy Koloored message

continued from page 35

response, so he wrote in his notes, "Grasshoppers go deaf when their legs are removed."

The listeners laughed at this, forgetting that earlier McLuhan had said people's jokes mark their grievances, what angers or upsets them. But if I ever understand his jokes about Skinner, I'll be the first to tell.

Such ironies can be found clustering about McLuhan if you look for them. But enough appear in his books.

I asked him about Soviet parapsychological research and was told that everything electronic is occult, that the West has hated the occult unnecessarily, and that he, McLuhan, a devout Catholic, felt if one wanted to seek into mysteries one should aim straight for Godhead and the divine mysteries and leave the rest alone. Fair enough.

Oh yes, he made a big point of telling all he met that Walt Disney, was like himself, a Canadian. Now what was it Marshall McLuhan and Dillon had in common? Ah, they both wear a star.

* * * *

Another attraction of U.S.C.'s Arts Festival was Tom Wolfe, white suit and blue-suede shoes, drove up in a purple Dodge Charger—the New York scion of Kitch, author of pop art, the dude who penned *The Kandy-Koloored Tangerine-Flake Streamlined Baby*, *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, *The Pump House Gang*, and that classic slam at Leonard Bernstein's upper-class bourgeois Black Panther pandering titled *Radical Chic*.

Wolfe rapped historical. What was "pop art"? The elevation of junk and commonality to an artistic focus for effect. What was its downfall? That the admen on Madison Avenue did real pop art better than the studio artists—studio art being a dying affectation of a passing time when art meant aristocracy.

Wolfe loves the common man, where art now lives and is thriving however crassly. He's happy that middle class people travel and bring home exotic pets. Wolfe did not talk about pets of his own, only about his purple Charger and twenty "winter white" suits—which did nothing to camouflage him in snowless Southern California.

The middle classes owe their new culture to World War II, he says, which poured money into all the social classes at once. Of course he said this at middle-class U.S.C. where a tuition of above \$2000 a year excludes most Third World peoples and perverts those who get in.

The audience liked him, especially when he said he'd been afraid to take acid before or while writing *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* about Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters.

"I took it once, later," he said, "and it nearly scared me to death." My, my. Wolfe mild-manneredly told of his theory that acid unleashes bundles of stored-up memories which rush in and disorient the user. Such a high-stepping Wolfe, so eager to fetch it—the audience affection, that is.

But he said some nice things, anyway, noting that art is the religion of the upper collegiate classes nowadays—as shown by John Kennedy putting Robert Frost, poet, among the priests during his 1961 inauguration.

And he warmed my anarchistic heart by calling Las Vegas' skyline an epitome of American signmaking art—free because it was designed by gangsters and other outlaws—comprising "the first great temple of proletarian taste." Too bad, sniffled Wolfe, if this offended pretentious aristocrats who hold art as

their private domain. Wolfe like chopper art and hot rods, kitsch and camp.

He's now at work on a book about "vanity." He writes ten pages a day, then stops. New York is ancient, he feels, backward because it's not motorized, almost non-American. The New York Review of Books is a 19th century journal full of pretensions. The counter culture is just a new class cut from the upper crust, not a lasting thing.

And, at last, Wolfe feels acid could not possibly help a writer, who must employ so many critical faculties in his craft.

I've written ten pages to this point. Finis.

* * * *

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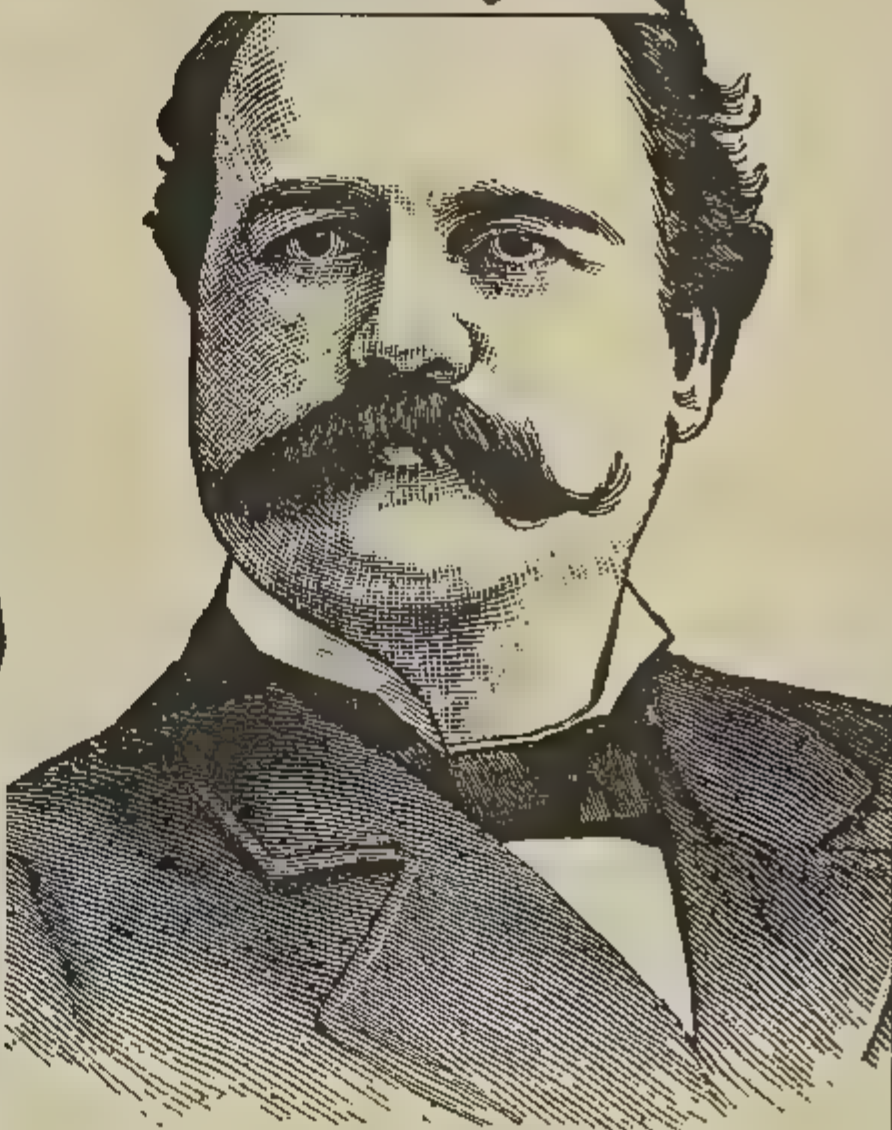
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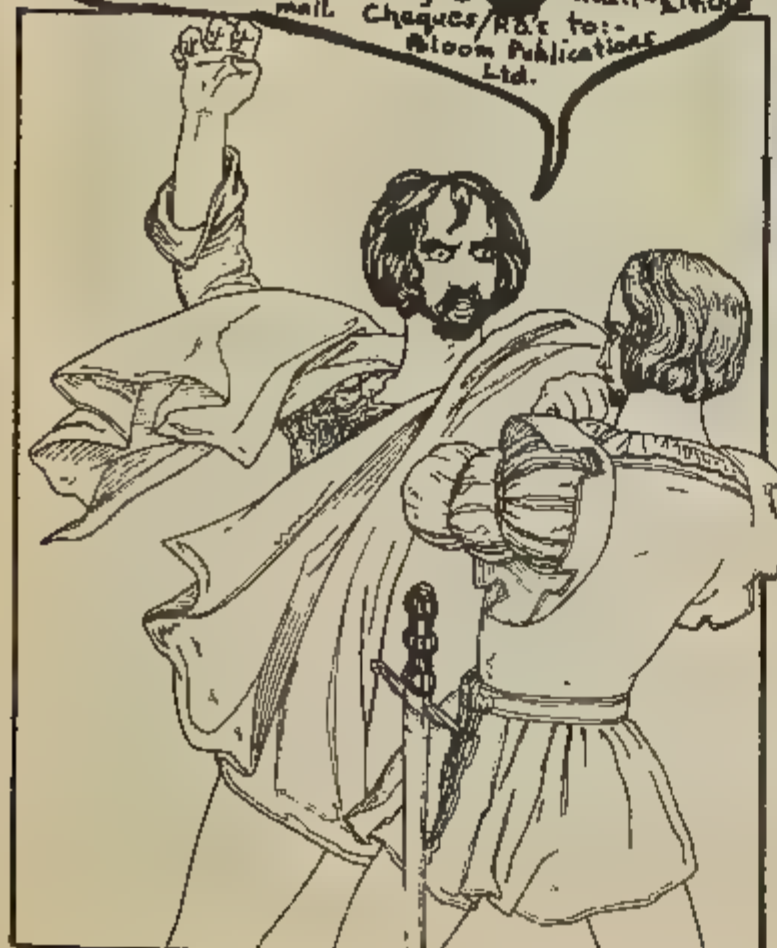
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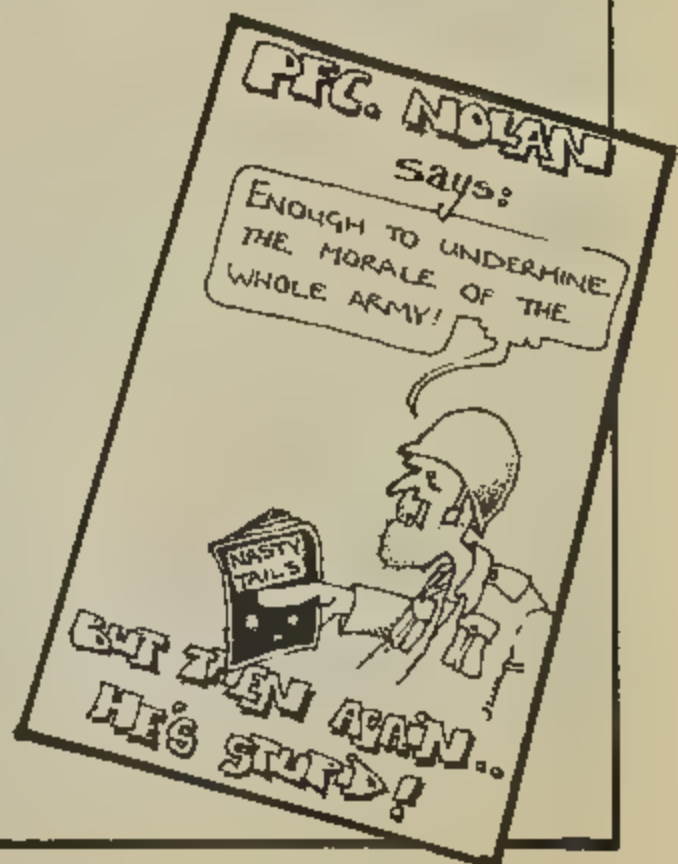
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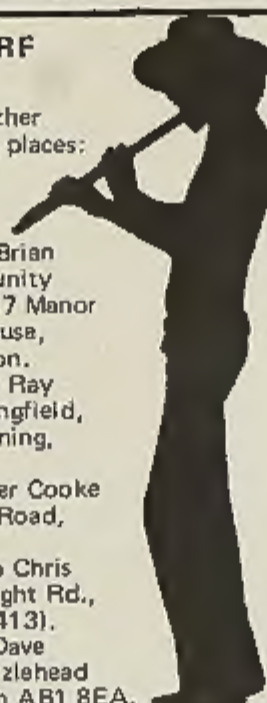
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